



# The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

NOT A DROP IS SOLD  
TILL IT'S 7 YEARS OLD



**John Jameson**  
\*\*\* WHISKEY



BY APPOINTMENT  
CEREBOS LIMITED TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

*Cerebos*  
Salt of quality

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

**Bronnley**  
FINE SOAPS

**McVITIE & PRICE**  
*Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits*  
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

**TANZARO**  
*finest fruit squash*  
JEWSBURY & BROWN LTD., MANCHESTER 12

**MACANUDO**  
  
*Jamaica's Best Cigar*

**DRY SACK**  
**SHERRY**  
SPAIN'S BEST  
one of  
**WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S**  
*World Famous Sherries*



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.**

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET

LONDON, S.W.1





BY APPOINTMENT SHOEMAKERS  
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH  
THE QUEEN MOTHER  
H. M. Rayne Ltd.

Rivett



## All the colours for playing the Glamour Game



Rayne

Mr. Edward Rayne likes the texture of  
Lizigator to interpret his Autumn Colours

The beautiful Lizigator leather from  
B. A. Kohnstamm Ltd., 9-10 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4.



**Sole Cubat**

Finest Dover Sole steamed, mushrooms and truffles chopped fine, flared in brandy; sherry sauce, grated cheese.

to be found at its best in London at

**Wheeler's**

19 Old Compton St., W.1.

Tel. GERrard 2706

**Caneton à l'Orange**

Duck half roasted, half braised (Poêle). Port wine sauce. Shredded orange peel and slices of orange.

se trouve meilleur à Londres au Restaurant

**The Ivy**

1 West Street, W.C.2.

Tel. TEMple Bar 4751

**Cote d'Agneau Reforme**

Dipped in egg and bread-crumbs and fried (saute). Julienne of Ham, Tongue, Gherkins, Eggs, Beetroot.

en ningun sitio como en

**Wheeler's Vendôme**

20 Dover Street, W.1.

Tel. MAYfair 5417

Open on Sundays

**Lobster Normande**

Taken from the shell, steamed; white wine, cream, lemon and butter sauce; garnished with fried scampi and button mushrooms.

zum allerbesten zu haben bei

**Wheeler's**

Duke of York St., S.W.1.

Tel. WHItchall 2460



BY APPOINTMENT  
Mintons Ltd., China Manufacturers to the late King George V

# MINTON

*The World's  
Most Beautiful  
China*

MINTONS LTD

EST 160 YEARS

STOKE-UPON-TRENT

**M**y winter holiday? Sunny Madeira!

**A**bsolutely can't wait

**D**ashed inexpensive, too—good hotels

**E**xcellent food and wine

**I**deal bathing, tennis, golf, fishing

**R**endezvous of pleasure seekers

**A**n island well worth discovering

Full details from

**DELEGACAO DE TURISMO DA MADEIRA**  
Avenida Arriaga — Funchal

*Come to Romantic*

# CEYLON

The astounding treasures of a 2,500 year old civilization... soul-stirring temples, shrines, mighty monuments, romantic loveliness by land and sea, gorgeous festivals and pageantries—Ceylon provides you with a veritable holiday paradise. With recreations for everyone, good hotels, sports clubs, fine motor roads, all for your delight.

**BOOKLET FREE**

From Travel Agent or Ceylon High Commission, 13 Hyde Park Gdns., London, W.C.2



CEYLON GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU COLOMBO

## A holiday in South Africa



*Let us help you  
plan in advance*

The Travel Bureau of the South African Railways is well placed, through practical experience and intimate knowledge of the Union, to advise visitors where to go and what to see.

More than that. It can relieve you of all the tedious details of travel—tickets, hotel reserva-

tions and so forth—so that your trip glides forward smoothly and delightfully from the first day to the last.

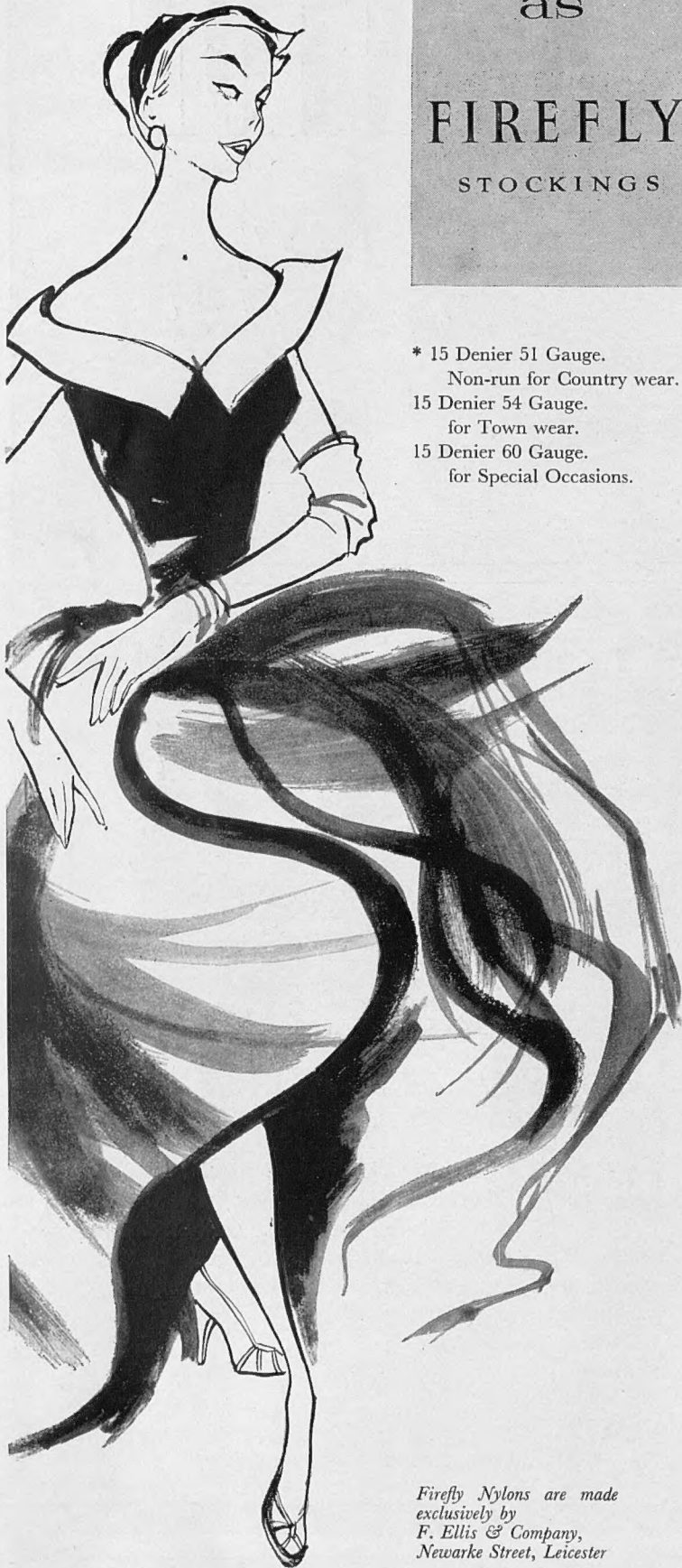
Full information, advice and quotations gladly given free on application to Commercial Representative, South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London. Tel: Whitehall 4488.

## SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS



nothing  
so  
fine  
as  
**FIREFLY**  
STOCKINGS

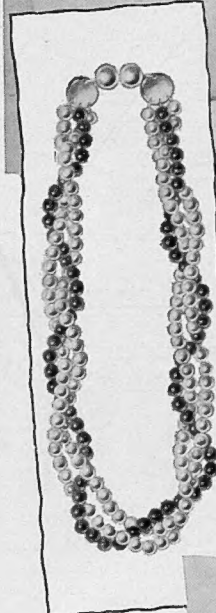
- \* 15 Denier 51 Gauge.  
Non-run for Country wear.
- 15 Denier 54 Gauge.  
for Town wear.
- 15 Denier 60 Gauge.  
for Special Occasions.



Firefly Nylons are made  
exclusively by  
F. Ellis & Company,  
Newarke Street, Leicester

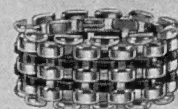
# Dramatic New Jet

by **De farre**



NECKLET  
EARCLIPS

BRACELET



FROM ALL LEADING JEWELLERS  
AND FASHION HOUSES.

**E**xciting new designs by de farre, waiting for you now . . . in gold, in platinum and in the brilliant new fashion combination of gold and jet . . . You've been reading about it and here it is, worn with dramatic simplicity by the lovely Catherine Boyle.

#### NECKLETS · BRACELETS · EARCLIPS

Non-tarnishable and created individually with unhurried care—in Rose Gold, Yellow Gold, White Gold, Platinum, and in combinations of these with fashionable new jet.

**De farre**

Individually Created  
Masterpieces

DE FARRE, 67 BROOK STREET, LONDON, W.1





AUG. 25  
1954

Volume CCXIII. No. 2772. Postage: Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 2½d. TWO SHILLINGS



Navana Vandyk

## A WELCOME VISIT TO SUNNINGDALE

ON a warm summer afternoon Mr. A. Charles Knight, J.P., and his wife stood in the porch of their delightful Georgian house, Herne Place, Sunningdale, together with their daughter, Lady Meyer, and her husband and their two children, Carolyn Clare and Ashley. They were on a visit from Paris, where Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., is a First Secretary at the British Embassy





*Scanning The Moors for the first grouse of the season on his estate, Oversheils, by Heriot, Midlothian, Lord Whitburgh waited with Col. W. E. S. Napier, from Peebles, for the appearance of the beaters*



*Returning From The First Day's Shooting on Lord Rosebery's estate were Lt.-Col. C. Turnbull, Mr. P. Liddell and Mr. J. Westall*

## TWELFTH GLORIES FAIR TO MEDIUM

CONTRARY to tradition, prospects for the grouse season were not very hopeful. Persistently bad weather has caused a shortage of birds, both in Scotland and Yorkshire, so that bags have not been large. In spite of the uncertain outlook, however, sportsmen turned northwards with undiminished enthusiasm



*Shooting on the same estate, Mr. I. H. Bowhill, from Gullane, was at the butts during the second drive*



*Another member of the same party, Lt.-Col. the Hon. H. B. O'Brian, was reloading his gun, accompanied by his dog*





On the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, a party including Mr. Harold Macmillan, Sir Richard Sykes, Bt., the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P., the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, M.P., Mr. B. Van Cutsem, Mr. E. E. Hey and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were setting out for the first drive



Lord Swinton's shoot on Potmoor, at Swinton, Yorkshire, included Mr. R. W. Thompson, the headmaster of Aysgarth School



On the same estate, Sir Thomas Dugdale was showing his fourteen-year-old son James his bag resulting from the first drive



Lord Swinton, who led a party on the first day's shooting, found the situation was satisfactory. After three drives a total of 72 brace, in good condition, was obtained





Cecil Beaton

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, whose charm and zestful carrying out of Royal duties equally endear her to the nation, celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday on Saturday. This picture, taken specially to mark the occasion, shows her in the morning room at Clarence House

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# *The Rock-dwellers Of La Vigie*

MONACO. One of the most enchanting resorts at any time of the year, Monte Carlo has again been enjoying a wonderful season. I flew down for three days and found continuous sunshine, with everyone bronzed and relaxed. The hotels were packed not only with French and British visitors who had decided that, the weather being so bad in northern Europe, they would come down to the Mediterranean and sunshine, but also with many visitors from Italy and Greece and numerous Americans, who love this unique Principality and return year after year.

The harbour was gay with yachts including the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes's Sister Anne, which left for a cruise to Sicily, the Italian San Giorgio

and the new and vast Christina, which looked very up to date with its small amphibian aeroplane on deck. This belongs to M. Aristotle Onassis, who in the last two years has done so much to restore Monte Carlo to much of its prewar glory and make it one of the gayest spots on the Cote d'Azur.

Many people were enjoying the two Beach Hotels where you can have your breakfast on the balcony and go straight down to bathe, or sunbathe, on the Point which is always a rendezvous each morning. There are now a few more of the tiny bungalows de La Vigie, built under the tall pines in the rock beside the Old Beach Hotel, secluded and enchanting, where you can sunbathe, have your meals and even make your long distance calls. Occupying one of these by day was Comte René D'Estainville, with his son and two good-looking daughters, who came over from his villa at Cap Martin.

The Marchese de Ricci was another occupying one of these little bungalows where each day he had a party of friends including Lord and Lady Bridport and their six-year-old son Alexander, and the Hon. Sally Ann Vivian, who were guests at his villa, La Poulido, built by the French architect Gariner for M. François Blanc, who founded the Casino in 1861. Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye who always stay at the New Beach Hotel I met lunching at the Restaurant du Beach where you get a delicious lunch right beside the swimming pool and sea.

Here it is amusing to watch not only good aquatics, but also the varied and colourful beach fashions, which are amazing.

I SAW Gloria Swanson arriving at the superbly comfortable Hotel de Paris which in all seasons is the centre of activity in Monte Carlo. The next evening she made a striking figure in orange satin when she attended the gala at the Summer Sporting Club. Others staying at "The Paris" included many Americans who return year after year, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. George Mahana from New York who have been here for more than twenty-five years and this year had their daughter Mrs. D. Macauley and her children with them. Col. and Mrs. Charles Neave also come over from the States each year, also Mr. and Mrs. G. Hale and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fuller from Fort Worth, Texas. Italian guests included Signor and Signora Mario Gazzoni, Baronne Marchetti, and the Marchese and Marchesa Salina. I met Sir Edward and Lady Baron who are great devotees of Monte Carlo and spend part of each summer here, Kathleen Countess of Drogheda and Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony, who were all enjoying the comforts of "The Paris," where another English visitor was fourteen-year-old Sir Robin Phillips with his stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Pisani. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, who come over each year from Ireland, had their grandson with them.

Dining at candlelit tables on the Terrasse Fleurie one evening were Sir William and Lady Mount and their pretty eldest daughter Cecilia. They were with Lord Iliffe and a party of friends. Lord Iliffe, like Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard, Capt. Oliver and Lady Margaret Dawnay, Major the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Legh and Sir Horace and Lady Evans and their daughter Jean, were staying at the Metropole.

IT has been a much bigger season than last year and everywhere was so crowded that the Hermitage Hotel, usually open only in the winter, was in full swing, and as I left the Nouvelle Hotel de Paris was being opened for a few weeks. Most of the villas along the coast were occupied, too. Lord Beaverbrook was at his villa, La Capouchine, and had Sir Patrick Hennessy and Edward Molyneux among his guests. The latter, I was told, originally built this villa and was making his first return visit since he sold it some years ago. Lady Churchill was staying at Beauvallon, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich were cruising in the Mediterranean in Mr. Andreae's yacht Idalia, and Sir Simon and Lady Marks were greeting friends in Monte Carlo just before joining a yacht in which they were going to cruise around the Greek islands. Mrs. Charles Butler and her daughter Fanny were busy getting straight the house and garden of their new little villa at Eze. Lord and Lady John Hope were staying with her father Mr. Somerset Maugham at his lovely villa at Cap Ferrat, where the Countess of Kenmare also had a party of friends at her villa. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague were also at Cap Ferrat and had a party staying with them including Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes and Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward.

Another happy party of young friends staying in a villa at Cap Ferrat included Mr. Charles and Lady Katherine Farrell, the Hon. Katherine Smith and Lord Plunket. Many friends I met had been dining at the recently opened Cap d'Estel Hotel where they have a barbecue and you get a delicious dinner out-of-doors with a wonderful view over the sea.

DRIVING along the coast roads this summer has really been a problem. Never has the traffic been so heavy. After visiting friends at Cap Ferrat I went on to Antibes, which was also extremely gay. The Hotel du Cap was full, though there were not very many English among the visitors, and Eden Roc was as popular as ever. Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey, the latter very bronzed, were spending a few days of their honey-



moon here before motoring home through Italy and part of Germany, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morison-Scott who come regularly to the Cap were there, also Mr. Raymond Grumber having a holiday from his Westminster County Council work. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Gibbs went on from Antibes to stay with Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker at their lovely villa at Valbonne. Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright was spending the summer at her famous villa, Casa Stella, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Feldman from Texas have taken Nelly Roc for the summer. They were lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman at their enchanting villa, Le Clocher de La Garoupe, at Antibes, where they had Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton and their nephew Mr. Torquil Norman staying with them. Here also I met that very good-looking American Mrs. Percy Brooksbank, Mr. and Mrs. Jan Boissevain, who have another charming villa near Antibes, and Col. Eric Sawyer and Mr. Barry Dirks, two of the most successful architects of villas in the south of France. The latter has only recently returned from America after unfortunately having a leg amputated, and happily is regaining his health and beginning to take an interest in new building projects. Lady Norman, who was spending the summer on her beautiful Garoupe property where people from all over the world vie to rent one of her villas, has once again let the large Château de La Garoupe to Mr. and Mrs. Stavro Niarchos for the whole summer. They were away on a cruise on their yacht the Creole while I was at La Garoupe, but their two-year-old son Spiros Niarchos was there, a delightful figure, bronzed from the Mediterranean sun. M. and Mme. Paul Dubonnet are spending the summer in Lady Norman's Le Clos de La Garoupe which is right on the sea, and they have had Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munn, who occupied Le Clos last year, staying with them.

I went to a very good cocktail party given by Capt. T. V. Briggs, the officer in command, and officers of H.M. cruiser Cumberland, which was visiting Cannes. This was an Entente Cordise visit, and coincided with the anniversary of the landings in the war on this coast. With all the usual efficiency associated with the Royal Navy, launches ran a shuttle service to and from the quayside to take over a hundred guests aboard. Capt. Briggs had his charming American-born wife to help him receive the guests, among whom I met Lord Ennisdale, Lady Norman and Admiral Cumberland, a great and beloved character on this coast where he has lived since his retirement many years ago.

Cdr. N. Pond, second in command of the ship, was hoping to entertain the guests as was Cdr.



NAVAL PERSONALITIES who attended the H.M.S. Collingwood Summer Ball at Portsmouth included Capt. (L) K. H. T. Peard, C.B.E., A.D.C., R.N., Mrs. Peard, Admiral Sir J. H. Edleston, C.B., G.C.V.O., C.B.E., C-in-C. Portsmouth, Lady Edleston, Lady Clarke and Capt. (L) J. D. Crossman, C.B.E., R.N.

Clark whose wife had also been able to get to Cannes for this visit, Cdr. J. B. Holt and Cdr. D. Williams, who told me the Cumberland was going back to Malta after the visit, where she will be until the autumn.

ON the next evening I went to the Gala at the Summer Sporting Club, as always a wonderful spectacle of 500 guests, with the women in their loveliest dresses and the men in mostly white dinner jackets, were sitting at tables out in the open on a terrace built over water around the cleverly lit glass dance floor. On this occasion, a full moon romantically reflected in the sea added to the beauty of the scene. After the cabaret at midnight, there was a superb display of fireworks let off from little boats anchored off shore. Many of those I have already mentioned were at the Gala, and others included Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who was in a big party with Mr. Aristotle Onassis and his beautiful wife, who wore an emerald green dress, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cory-Wright were in another party and at other tables I saw Lady Cynthia Payne and Miss Zelig Llewellyn. Next morning with great sadness I had to leave this sunbathed coast, which will always be one of my favourite parts of the world.

MY next destination was Deauville for the opening of the Grande Quinzaine. This time I flew to Paris and finished my journey to Deauville by train as there is no air service between Paris and this Normandy resort. I was interested to find that several of my friends who

had been unable to get seats from London to Nice on the B.E.A. and Air France services direct had travelled Swissair, via Geneva. This takes a little longer on the outward journey, as you have just over three hours in Geneva, but on the return journey there is only an hour between arrival and departure at Geneva, which means you leave Nice at eleven thirty in the morning and touch down at London Airport at four twenty-five, and the return fare on this route if you are away for less than three weeks is just under thirty pounds.

★ ★ ★

THE Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, held in the New Infantry Barracks Gymnasium, St. Martin's Hill, Canterbury, was a tremendous success. This was no doubt due to the splendid efforts of a really hard-working committee under the chairmanship of Major R. H. Dendy, the very popular officer commanding the Buffs' depot. Capt. Iliffe was vice-chairman, Mrs. Walter

Whigham the very efficient hon. secretary and Mr. John Prestige the treasurer. Others helping on the committee included Mrs. Baker White, whose husband was formerly the M.P. for Canterbury, Mrs. John Friend, and Mrs. Peter Demery, who I saw at the dance looking very pretty with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Clifford-Smith and her brother Mr. Teddy Clifford-Smith. A large H-shaped marquee had been arranged with supper tables for parties to sit at between dances. This adjoined the gymnasium, where a good band was playing for dancing on an excellent floor.

A TRANSFORMATION had taken place in the gymnasium. Chandeliers cleverly made from branches of trees painted white and fitted with electric bulbs were hanging from the ceiling, while hiding the walls and parallel bars was snow-white bunting on which had been applied huge black Grecian urns all round the room. A white painted canopy covered in white bunting trimmed with white ostrich feathers and dark green ivy leaves was erected over the bandstand and everywhere were vases of flowers. Flowers were also grouped around the poles of the marquee and at all the entrances.

Mr. David Hicks had planned the décor and it had been carried out by Major Dendy and his wife—who had even cut out the urns themselves—and a group of willing helpers who had worked hard to make it a success.

Before the dance, Major Dendy had a dinner party in the officers' mess of the Buffs' depot, where a magnificent piece of regimental silver was much admired in the centre of the dining table and

[Continued overleaf]



Gala Night At The Sporting Club Displayed Monte Carlo's Cosmopolitan Brilliance

Princess Violet of Montenegro and Mr. Francis Scott were with Mrs. William Blood and Mr. George A. Gaston, both from New York

At another table M. Gérard Peugeot and Mme. Jacqueline Delubac were sitting next to M. Jacques Lefevre and Mme. M. Derrien





At the main table were Major R. H. Dendy, commanding the Buffs Depot, and chairman of the ball, G/Capt. R. J. A. Ford, C.B.E., Mrs. Ford, Major-Gen. V. Boucher, C.B., C.B.E., Director of Military Intelligence, Mrs. Dendy, Col. J. Connolly, D.S.O., and Mrs. Boucher

## Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

# New Canterbury Pilgrims

everything was superbly done by Sgt. Laker who has been mess sergeant since 1914—longer than many of the officers can remember!

Among guests dining were Mrs. Dendy's parents, G/Capt. and Mrs. Ford, who had motored up from their new home in Hampshire for the dance and Capt. R. Carey, who was born in Canada, and his wife. He recently returned from Kenya where he was with the regiment, during which time he had the terrifying experience of being charged by a rhinoceros! Other guests were Capt. and Mrs. R. O. Iliffe, Mr. J. Grudgeon, Miss P. Rickard and Mr. M. W. Ward.

The dance is organized each year in aid of the Buffs' charities, League of Friends of Canterbury hospitals and Cripplecraft, and friends bring parties from all over the county. There was a very gay tombola with some marvellous prizes run by Mrs. Baker White, who was officiating with Mr. Cyril Salmon, Q.C., and his wife.

WINNING a prize here I met Sir Charles and Lady Russell, the latter in a white brocade dress, who came in Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham's big party. Mr. Whigham I met trying his luck at the tombola. His wife looking very attractive in pink lamé was busy helping newly arrived guests to find their tables. Lady Barbara Bossom in emerald green was dancing with her husband, who was formerly in the Buffs. Also enjoying the ball were Sir Harry Mackeson, the M.P. for Folkestone, and Lady Mackeson, Mr. Leslie Thomas, M.P. for Canterbury, and his wife, who told me they were hoping to spend some of the summer vacation cruising in their motor yacht, and Mr. W. Deedes, M.P. for the neighbouring division of Ashford. Maj.-Gen. Boucher, Colonel of the Regiment, was there with Mrs. Boucher in white, also Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Gregson Ellis, the Duchess of Newcastle dancing

with Mr. Teddy Clifford-Smith, Lord Guilford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tritton, who brought a big party, Major Peter Plumptre, who has just left the Army to farm in Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Richard



THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD (right) looks at the racing studbook presented to him by the workers and tenants on his four-thousand-acre estate at Curraghmore, Co. Waterford during his twenty-first birthday celebrations. With him are his mother, the Marchioness of Waterford, and his brother, Lord Patrick Beresford



Mrs. Richard Neame, who brought a large party, with two of her guests, Baroness Hatvany and Mr. L. Monroe-Hinds

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT saw happy dancers returning home from a most successful ball at the Infantry Barracks Gymnasium in Canterbury, crowning evening event of the city's renowned Cricket Week. Three charities benefited as a result

Neame, Mr. and Mrs. J. Erle-Drax and Lady Northbourne, who also had a large party. Her daughter the Hon. Susan James came on late as she had been acting in the Epilogue by the "Old Stagers," whose performances at the Marlborough Theatre in cricket week are always a feature of the festivities. Among those taking part this year were Major Tomlinson, who was in the Buffs until he retired and has been an O.S. for fifty years. Also Mr. Roger de Grey, Mr. Nigel Leigh-Pemberton, Mrs. Barclay and Miss Joy des Voeux.

THIS amateur theatrical company, of which Lord Harris is the president, originated 113 years ago when country house cricket was part of many people's summer schedule. While the cricketers played matches and entertained their friends by day, the Old Stagers put on plays and musical numbers to entertain them in the evenings. Their colours are very similar to I Zingari, yellow, red and black, and there were several sashes of these colours worn across the men's shirt fronts or the bodice of the ladies' dresses by guests at the dance who were Old Stagers. To join you have to give good performances, acting with the company for two years before you are invited to become a member. Among other Old Stagers, I met Col. Joe Tuff formerly in the Buffs, who was there with his wife, and Mr. John Whitehead. There were other guests who wore special dark blue tail coats with velvet collars and brass buttons and a sash of black and light blue across their shirt fronts. These were members of the Band of Brothers, another great Kent cricketing institution.

There was an excellent supper, far better than at many London dances, and the programme included eightsores, several Scottish country dances, and dancing went on until the early hours, when everyone went home agreeing that this year's ball was one of the best that had ever been held in Canterbury Cricket Week.

★ ★ ★  
BEMBRIDGE is one of the few seaside resorts which has changed little and lost none of its charm for over a generation. There are the same landmarks, the Sailing Club, the Spithead Hotel and the Garland Club and many of the same families still live in their homes there each summer. Others come and rent houses or stay in the few hotels, bringing their own children to spend their summer holidays here as they did when they themselves were children. The sailing is still first class, especially for youngsters in small craft who are given every encouragement to learn to sail properly, and races are organized for them





Awaiting their opportunity to join a dance were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bennett. There was a company of 550 at the ball



Happy spirit of the evening was reflected by Major J. Prestige, Mrs. Whigham, Lady Russell and Mr. W. H. Whigham



Van Hattan  
Miss Theda Ridley-Day was listening to an account of one of the week's matches by Mr. Brian Fitzgerald Moore

frequently. There is prawning, bathing, which is safe and good, and the sands which are unspoilt and still abound with nannies and children, who come down to their private beach huts in the mornings and again for a picnic tea. There are, of course, also older children and numerous parents on the sands each day. Among the children who have been enjoying these lovely sands this summer were the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont's two small boys. Their baby brother was too young this summer but they had a splendid time playing with their five-year-old cousin William Clegg who lives down there with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clegg. Major Philip and Lady Margaret Hay's little son and daughter were down there, also Mr. John and Lady Cecilia Wiggins' two, Sir Francis and Lady Warrington's daughter and Lady Margaret Colville's young daughter. Some youngsters are even luckier and have been spending two or three months of the summer enjoying Bembridge, as their parents have houses nearby.

These include four-year-old Lord Quenington, and his younger brother, the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach, whose parents Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn have bought a bigger house this year, at the top of the famous Ducie Avenue, which Lady St. Aldwyn has decorated and furnished with great charm. These little boys have been enjoying playing with two little French friends, Yolande and Marion Ouvrier, the children of M. Ouvrier who was recently elected a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and his charming wife who have been over from France for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bellville's children, Amanda and

Patrick, are two more happy little youngsters who can enjoy good sea air for weeks. Their parents' house, which has been in Mr. Bellville's family for many years, is close to the sea at the bottom of "Ducie." New neighbours for Amanda and Patrick are Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo's four children. Their parents have now bought Northwells, Col. and Mrs. Woodruffe's charming home at Bembridge; the two older children, like their parents, are already keen sailing enthusiasts. The Woodruffes have moved into a much smaller and very labour-saving home with which they are delighted. Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville's family, who vary in age from two years to twenty, also enjoy much time down here each summer as their parents have a house nearby at Foreland.

I saw Lady Joan Colville enjoying a game of lawn tennis on the court at the Pitt House Club. Also playing that day were Mrs. Gerald Walker, who as Peggy Chandos-Pole spent many of her childhood days at Bembridge, and had her son and daughter with her for yet another summer holiday here, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Mr. Peter Laycock, Mr. Peter Lloyd, Mrs. Enid Cameron, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, Mrs. Haggie, and Col. Vincent Paravicini and his lovely wife who were staying at Pitt House, as were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton and Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle and their family, all enjoying the amenities of this comparatively recent acquisition to Bembridge, right on the sea and so very efficiently run by Mr. and Mrs. Clegg who have an excellent Hungarian chef and see that their guests really are comfortable.

During my all too brief stay I went to a delightful

cocktail party given by Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston in their enchanting home looking out right over the sea. Lady Gunston, who is very clever and artistic, has converted what was originally a coastguard's cottage into a charming small house, with a good-sized living-room, a most attractive veranda which reminds one of the South of France or Palm Beach, and a small lawn and garden surrounding it, which was full of flowers.

HERE I met Sir George and Lady Usher who were over on a visit from South Africa where they now make their home. Mr. Duncan Sandys who with his wife and children had taken a house at Bembridge this summer, Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver who were staying with the Gunstons, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn talking to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mellor, who have both been Bembridge enthusiasts for many years.

Many other friends went on to the cocktail party given by Admiral Sir Francis and Lady Tottenham the same evening. Their daughter Iona, who had her coming-out dance this season, is a keen sailing enthusiast and had won the Jubilee Trophy for Club boats a few days before. Others in Bembridge that week included Sir Oswald Darell, Miss Marjorie Fraser, who was staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Blair Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Bonsor, who were enjoying an apéritif in the sunshine with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling, who have a delightful house at Bembridge, Sir Henry and Lady Price, who were staying at the Spithead Hotel, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, and Sir Hugh Dawson, a beloved personality of the island.



The Buccleuch Hunt's Summer Ball At Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, Home Of The Earl Of Dalkeith  
Mr. R. Constable-Maxwell was in the library, enjoying a laugh with Miss Charmaine Schroder and Miss Vanla Arbuthnot



Before going in to dance, Miss June Morrison was helping Mr. Pat Campbell Fraser to adjust his sporran



Major Hugh Cairns, Mrs. E. Mackenzie of Muirhouse, the Earl of Ellesmere, M.F.H., and Major S. Baillie

Clapperton





*On their way to the paddock between races were Major P. M. Nelson, Mr. D. P. d'Ambrumenil, Miss Ainsworth-Davis, Mr. D. M. Mountain, son of Sir Brian Mountain, and Miss P. Morgan-Diven*



*Miss Patricia Cottingham, the Hon. Charles Kerr and Mrs. Thomas Lilley were also there*



*Capt. S. Carlos Clarke discussing the Yattendon Plate with Mr. and Mrs. de Pret Roose*

## LEGER POINTER AT NEWBURY RACES

**H**IGHLIGHT of the Newbury meeting, held in beautiful summer weather, was the fighting finish between Leger nominees Rashleigh and Umberto in the Oxfordshire Stakes. Umberto won by a head in a race which proved the gameness and stamina of both horses



*Mr. and Mrs. John Batten were among the spectators at this, one of the year's best southern meetings*



*Discussing their selections for the Shrivenham Handicap were Mrs. T. K. Bower, Miss Jane Bower and Mr. Thomas Bower*



*Mrs. John Hislop and Mr. E. Lambton, both experienced judges of horses, were taking a look round*

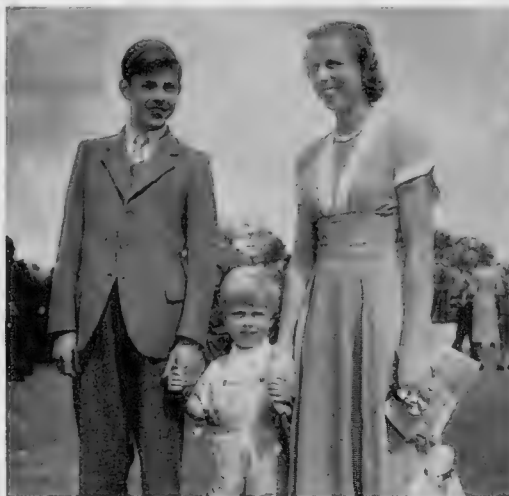




Conference deciding major possibilities consisted of Mrs. P. Fitzgeorge-Parker, Mrs. and Mr. E. R. W. Robinson and Mr. T. B. Fitzgeorge-Parker



Lt. C. Norton and Mrs. John Chamberlayne from Whipping Norton, with their sons Simon and Mark



Mrs. F. Payne with her sons Terry and three-year-old Philip, who is already a keen spectator



Mr. and Mrs. Clive MacGurney and Mr. L. Hordern were others at this excellent meeting, which provided extraordinarily good sport throughout the two days

## At The Races

# FORTUNE OVER THE STICKS

• Sabretache •

SOME people cannot bear seeing their money up in the air; others think that there is nothing to compare with jump racing; some again, who are as bold as a lion riding over fences, are as nervous as a cat watching it being done. These things are by no means novel; and once upon a time I came across a case of a lovely lady, as charming as she was venturesome, who inflicted grievous bodily harm upon a doting attaché, who was on the 100-6 mark in her affections, by insisting upon holding his hand whilst one of her animals was being ridden by another attaché whose S.P. was 6-4 on.

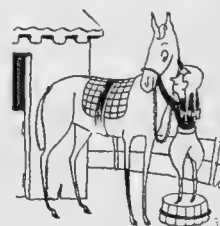
Every time they came to a fence she dug her very sharp nails in and as there were at least a couple of dozen fences, by the time the horse had won by ten lengths the infatuated loon's hand looked as if it had been chewed by a tiger. She never even waited to say she was sorry, but just hared off to lead the winner in and to find a quiet spot where she could embrace the rather muddy pilot.

Newton Abbot, where they were recently up to these sort of tricks, was just the usual sighting shot for the main attack, but it was good to see that good plucked 'un Fred Winter doing exactly the right thing by riding a winner or two over the very course where early last year he broke a bone which put him out of action for the whole season.

THESE ante-post Leger prices are again just range-finders, though with Infatuation almost certainly off the map, Never Say Die is the automatic favourite. It is hard to say by how much this colt might have won the Derby if he had had to put it all in. As it was, he could almost have stopped to crop the grass and then win. He must also have won the King Edward VII stakes at Ascot if there had not been that free-for-all bumping match at a crucial moment. I am sure that he could not have missed it, for he was going a lot better than any of them, and this in spite of the weight he was giving away all round. If whoever rides him at Doncaster remembers that there is plenty of time before that turn into the straight, it is difficult to see him beaten. As to some others, it looks much too far for that other high-class colt Darius, and Rashleigh likewise ought not to beat Never Say Die at level weights. In that bad race at Ascot Rashleigh was getting 8 lb.

DUBLIN is one of the few shows where, in addition to the fancy obstacles which we can see at any show over here, they have some real ones, the wall, which is of true Irish pattern, and that big bank which is also typical. It was at this place that poor Malise Graham 10 R.H. was killed. Bad falls, however, are not very usual, especially when Irish horses are concerned, but, of course, they do happen.

I think I first saw the Dublin show when I was about eight, and it was not then held at the same time as it is now, for I can remember quite distinctly the very heavy mud which made the falling so nice and soft. There is nothing to compare with this great event, which nowadays is run upon different lines to what it was in those early times. They did not go so much by points, but judged a horse on the way he met the obstacles and recovered from a mistake, which in my opinion is the only real test.







THREE DEVOTED SWAINS, Paul D'Argenson (Paul Hardwick), Linus Larrabee, Jr. (Ron Randell) and David Larrabee (Phil Brown) console Sabrina (Marjorie Steele) after her fall when escaping from their pursuit

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations  
by Emmwood

## At the Theatre

### "Sabrina Fair" (Palace)

EVERY author of romantic comedy knows that to make his fortune he has only to find some new way of re-telling the Cinderella story. If the new way were easy to find life would be simple for romantic authors. A great many come to grief looking for it. Mr. Samuel Taylor is among the lucky ones. His American version takes the unfailing situation of poor nice girl rising miraculously to social equality with Prince Charming, gives it a setting of Long Island opulence and toughens it with a shrewd mixture of wisecracking cynicism. The result is a certain glossy freshness.

Mr. Taylor makes no secret of what he is about. Even his heroine is conscious that though called Sabrina after the nymph in Milton's *Comus* she is really Cinderella and constantly calls herself by that name. The ball from which she has fled is a secretarial job in Paris. There Dior and other shaping influences have transformed Cinders, the daughter of a chauffeur in the service of the rich Larrabee family of Long Island, into a young woman whose poise and zest for living is extremely fetching. Her problem (at any rate, as her humble chauffeur father sees it) is one of social readjustment. She must get to know her place again as the daughter of the garage flat on the Larrabee estate. "You needn't fear, Father," she tells him, "Paris will wear off. Cinderella's been to a three-year ball, but now she's back in the chimney corner, and no Prince Charming to seek her."

THERE are in point of fact three Prince Charmings. One of them, a Frenchman, young, handsome and affluent, is on his way across the Atlantic but will not arrive till the third act. The other two are Larrabees. David Larrabee is an attractive youth who has just shed a rather too confidently charming wife, and she is at the moment going round with Linus, David's older brother, a cynical young tycoon who has raised the family fortune to astronomical heights. Women amuse him, but his mind runs on corners in oil and in plastics and the quickest way to ruin business rivals. He always wears a dirty yachting cap and crumpled suit and is altogether a not very amiable embodiment of Power. Yet, as every experienced playgoer will recognize instantly, he must be reckoned among the Prince Charmings.

Cinderella is soon telling Linus about the wealthy Frenchman who had wanted to marry her in Paris. Is she in love with him? She is, at any rate, madly in love with the life he offers: "the South of France—London once a year—ski-ing at Chamonix or in Austria—shooting in the lovely autumnal woods of Belgium."

LINUS takes a poor view of this life. A woman with Sabrina's powerful charm can get that sort of thing from almost any man. Has she no ambition? Then he perceives that it is in her mind to marry his younger brother. He obligingly makes the opportunity for her to achieve this ambition, but Linus knows his brother. The simple fellow supposes that the first thing he must do is to win his parents' hard consent to

marriage with their chauffeur's daughter. This he manages, not without difficulty, and returns in triumph to Sabrina. But he has neglected the formality of asking her to marry him, and on his repairing this tactical error she turns him down flat.

Enter the Prince Charming from Paris eager to declare his honourable love, but at the critical moment Linus distracts his attention with a most enticing business proposition. Yet even now the way is not quite open to a happy ending. It is time for the chauffeur father to reveal that he has been all his life not only an omnivorous reader but a steady investor in Larrabee stock. Linus is quick to realize the full implications of this disclosure. "Fairchild, you don't have to answer this. Would it be presumptuous of me to suggest that you are worth well over a million dollars?" "Only a little over the million," pleads the modest chauffeur. And so the story arrives at its happy ending with Cinderella on terms of monetary equality with her Prince Charming.



Julia Ward McKinlock (Zena Dare) and Linus Larrabee (John Cromwell) in consultation

A NEWCOMER, Miss Marjorie Steele, plays the girl who thus comes to terms with her own heart attractively, if within a rather limited range of feeling. Mr. Ron Randell and Mr. Phil Brown make a clear contrast between the Larrabee boys, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Miss Zena Dare as a pair of sophisticated American matrons give their smart and voguish chatter its full value. And Mr. John Cromwell, who directs the production, plays the elder Larrabee, who eventually retires from Wall Street, with a nice, dry humour.





Strolling round the paddock, where they had an excellent view, were Mrs. R. J. Loxton, Mrs. C. B. Verity, Miss Ailsa Verity, Miss Elizabeth Loxton and Miss Rosalind Verity

THE BLACKMORE VALE PONY CLUB, which has one of the largest memberships in the country, held a Visitors' Day at the end of an enjoyable week's camping. The camp was situated in the grounds of Sparkford Hall, near Yeovil, the home of Brig. E. S. D. Martin, District Commissioner of the Club



Lady McCreery and Miss E. Shaw sat on a tree-stump, while their dogs Andy and Chloe regarded their surroundings with great interest



Taking part in a serious discussion on camping problems were General W. Fox-Pitt, General Sir Richard McCreery and Count G. de Pelet



Judy and Kevin Hunt were pointing out some entertaining features of the camp to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hunt. This year, eighty-two members were present at the most successful camp yet

## London Linelight



Tuneful trio, Franz Imhof, Christine von Widmann and Tony Neissner, are appearing in "Vienna Blood"

## Pastrycooks Of Vienna

WHETHER or no the Viennese Operetta Company now at the Stoll provides a surfeit of sweet things is a matter for individual capacity. They are in the pink cream and pastry business, and they are a team of experts, backed by zeal, good looks and youth. *Vienna Blood*, the first of their presentations, is by Johann Strauss II., and has one of those plots explained in programme notes which tend to run, "The Count, mistaking Mitzi for Toni's cousin, assumes her to be the mistress of his friend, and she, believing that her lover is disguised, immediately pretends to be the milliner. When Alexis enters, therefore, dressed as Xavier's grandfather, all is confusion." The company play in German, but manage to put over the broadest of the humour pretty deftly, the tunes are all the Viennese waltzes that ever were, and the period is that of *Congress Dances*. Short of Lilian Harvey, twenty-five years ago, nothing more could be desired.

MR. VAN DAMM's latest discovery at his Windmill Theatre is not a beauty queen but a dialect comedian called Len Tibbs. Mr. Tibbs, a Cambridge barber (tob. conf. inc.) in civil life, is a genuine droll, with an ear for country matters. At this stage of the proceedings it would be presumptuous to say "here is another John Tilley," for the newcomer is inexperienced in timing his laughs and lacks discipline. But on his first professional appearance—a wet Monday morning at the Windmill—he not only overran his time, which is a mistake when the producer is around, but he extracted laughs all the way from an audience which might have given Danny Kaye pause.

AFTER her sombre season of grief and villainy at the Old Vic, Fay Compton is returning to modern comedy. She will be seen on September 7th at the Q in *Witch Errant*, by R. A. Dick. The story is a contemporary version of the *Vice Versa* idea, and on this occasion two women change faces and figures, but not personalities. The cast is strong on the distaff side, for it includes Lana Morris, Barbara Couper and Isabel Dean. With such a plot this is a wise precaution.

The Q's season of new plays is impressive, as announced. It suggests that the nearer little theatres who pride themselves as "try-out" centres for the West End, will have to wake up. In the meantime, for impoverished managements, perhaps London Transport will improve its services to Kew.

—Youngman Carter





Col. and Mrs. O. C. Smith-Bingham had just arrived in a Land-Rover for the start of the afternoon's matches



Choosing a high vantage point from which they could watch the afternoon's play were some of the younger spectators: Nicholas Cooke, Jeremy Smith-Bingham and Phæbe Alexander



During an interval Col. Gerald Critchley rejoined his wife, who was watching from their car with her two poodles



Other followers of the Cirencester Park Club who were present were Lord Ismay, together with Brig. T. P. Keene

## A WEEK'S POLO AT OLD BATHURST PARK

THE Cirencester Park Polo Club held a most successful tournament in Old Bathurst Park, part of the estates of Earl Bathurst. When the matches were over, there was an enjoyable and original barbecue at Wood House, as well as dancing at King Alfred's Hall, an occasion which produced some remarkable costumes in the traditional Western style



Intently following some very keen play were Col. J. W. T. Wooldridge, Mrs. H. Hudson and Mrs. G. Bishop



A group of friends meeting to discuss some matches they had seen were Mr. B. Roark, Mr. Jimmy Edwards the comedian, Miss Pat Smythe of show-jumping fame, and Mr. B. Walsh





Miss F. Chadwick, wearing a record-breaking ten-gallon Stetson, and W/Cdr. Chadwick sat out for a few moments to quench their thirst



Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hardy rested for a while and watched the progress of a complicated square dance with interest



Mr. Boyd-Gibbins, who was the chief cook, and his wife were ladling out piles of hot dogs to feed the hungry guests



In a thoughtful mood, Col. J. C. Fergusson and Miss M. Kelly sat on a bale of straw and chatted while the others danced



Wearing an unusual hat decorated with carnations, Col. John Sleeman and Mme. Terrin went to obtain some refreshment



Mr. John Lakin was telling Viscountess Cowdray, the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin and Mme. C. Cruse about one of the matches in which he had recently been taking part

P. C. Palmer





*A pair of windswept winners were Marguerite Perrenoud, proudly clutching Gypsyheath Silver Cloud, who had just won third prize in the Miniature Poodle Puppy Dog Class*

## NEW CLASSES FOR CENTENARY SHOW

LIVING up to its reputation, the Aldershot Horse Show had many hours of brilliant sunshine. This year it was particularly successful and, in honour of the Military Centenary, was increased in size to a total of forty-two classes. Among the many attractions were a Dog Show, Beagle and Hound Shows and a Farriery Competition



*Lt.-Col. D. A. Holder, M.B.E., the time-keeper for the jumping events, and Mrs. Holder were watching the judging*



*Miss Jane Bullen, who won the British Show Pony Rosette on Coed Coch Predari, was chatting to Major S. B.-I. Sweeny*



*Carefully surveying the course were Jennifer Skelton and Jan White, who had both entered for the Juvenile Jumping*



*Cpl. G. Gratton, of the Military Police, riding Jane, was greeted by Elfryth Fleming, on Reeves Ruby*





Inspecting the Show trophies were Lt.-Col. H. N. Cole, O.B.E., T.D., Lt.-Col. R. K. Chiesman and Major J. H. Palairat



In the course of judging the Open Hacks Class, Mr. H. Wynmalen and Major K. P. Wallis had some difficult decisions to make



Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, the president of the Show, Major-Gen. A. D. Campbell and General Sir Kenneth Crawford



Major-Gen. J. H. N. Poett, C.B., D.S.O., Brian Poett, Mrs. Poett and Simon Poett were waiting for the coaches to arrive



Also watching from the Members' lawn were Miss Janet Duncan, Major-Gen. N. W. Duncan and Mrs. K. M. Barnard



Capt. P. G. Bushell and Capt. J. M. Knowles, both Ring Stewards, were in conversation with Mrs. Knowles during an interval



Sitting in the sun while the Hackney ponies were being judged were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ferguson and their daughter, Mandy Ferguson



Miss Jill Leland, Mrs. L. H. Howard-Jones, Nicola Howard-Jones, Nigel Howard-Jones, who had been competing, and Brig. L. H. Howard-Jones, also a competitor, were on their way to lunch

Desmond O'Neill





PRINCESS MARCELLA BORGHESE, Duchess of Bomarzo, is the wife of Prince Paolo Borghese, whose country residence, Il Palagio, is at Scarperia, near Florence. Her husband is a descendant of Napoleon's sister, the Princess Pauline Borghese. They have sixteen-year-old twin sons, Don Francesco and Don Livio, who are at school in Switzerland

F. J. Goodman

## Priscilla in Paris

# The Sunlit Path To Immortality

AT the end of the first real summer's day we have had this year, as the sun set in a golden haze tipping with glory the tops of the trees in the Palais Royal gardens below her window, Colette made her farewell to this earth that she has loved so dearly. It was *l'heure exquise*, at the close of the day when, a little weary, the heart that has throbbled so generously throughout "four times twenty years" beat more slowly, the tiny sigh that whispered from her lips was one of relief and the tired eyes closed drowsily. . . .

It is good to know that she slipped away so peacefully, taking the sunlit path into the great nebula. . . . She must have walked straight into the sunset, eager-eyed, her soft, short hair stirred by the breeze; her body, that has caused her so much suffering of

recent years, straight and young and slim again. . . .

I imagine her striding along bare-footed as I have seen her stride across the wet sands of her home in Brittany in those faraway days when little Belgazou, her daughter, could just toddle and her two stepsons were schoolboys. How she loved the sea and the physical freedom of existence that she had made all her own.

SHE lived in a bathing suit, her arms and legs burned to a deep mahogany; she could climb, bare-footed, over barnacled rocks and walk on the sharpest stones: "Yes, my feet are hardened!" she would boast, "but there is also 'a way' of 'placing' one's foot!" She was proud of having earned her living as a dancer for a few years after parting from her first husband.

"Cheri" was written during one of those Brittany summers. I remember a certain rainy day when we had been confined to the house all the morning. It was after lunch and pandemonium reigned in the living-room. The Paris mail had just arrived. Henry de Jouvenel, Colette's second husband, was looking at the papers. He was editor of *Le Matin* at that time and he was indignantly holding forth about the errors that had been made in that day's issue; his brother, Robert, was not of his opinion. They argued, and when the Jouvenel brothers argued. . . .

The children were squabbling, Germaine Beaumont and I were trying to unravel a skein of wool with which the dogs—there were three of them—had been playing, and another guest was doing strange things with a trumpet-funnelled gramophone. Colette, a sweater over her bathing suit and her legs wrapped in a tartan travelling rug, perched sideways on what must have been the most uncomfortable chair in the whole house, was hunched over a corner of a card-table that was cluttered up with a jig-saw puzzle. . . .

UTTERLY absorbed, she was writing: . . . sometimes she doodled on the margin of the manuscript, sometimes she stared at us with unseeing eyes. She wrote steadily through the afternoon, hearing and noticing nothing and waving away the cup of tea that was offered. At six o'clock the rain stopped, sunshine flooded the room and suddenly she returned to earth. To earth, perhaps, but not quite to the hour of day. "Time for a quick bathe before lunch, *mes enfants!*" she cried. A few moments later we were all down on the beach quite unconscious that we had been present at the making of a *chef d'œuvre*. . . . How awed we ought to have been and how she would have laughed at us if we had.

It is difficult to write about a very great person whom one has had the honour of knowing in her slippers-by-the-fireside moods. (Not that Colette ever used slippers; even in town and in winter she was either bare-footed or wore sandals on her bare feet.)

One thinks of the immense work she has accomplished. Her books, her plays, the lectures she has given, her moving interpretation of "*Léa*" on the stage. One remembers her literary status as *Président* of the Goncourt Academy, her election to the *Académie Royale* of Belgium, her promotion, last year, to the rank of *Grand Officier* of the *Légion of Honour* and the many other official honours that she has been asked to accept. . . . but all this seems less real, to those who were close to her, than the memory of more homely, humble joys that brought laughter to her lips and light to her eyes. . . . the scent of a flower, the grace of a young animal, the beauty of a moonlit night, the handclasp of a friend. . . . Simple joys that she has generously shared in the world-of-those-who-read, since she writes of them in all her books.

# Enfin!

● From a letter to her daughter published in *Claude Chauvière's biography: "Colette." (Firmin-Didot et Cie., Paris.)*

"*Les consignes, les punitions, les réprimandes, les bouderies, les rancunes, tout ça c'est du temps gâché. La vie est si courte. De tout mon cœur je suis*

"*Ta maman et ton amie.*"





*Revelling in the brilliant Riviera sunshine, visitors to Monte Carlo relax at the fashionable La Vigi Club. On left, Mr. Jack Buchanan enjoys a cool swim off the Point*



## SPARKLE OF SUMMER AT MONTE CARLO

*Away from the storms and tempests which have been afflicting the rest of Europe, the Cote d'Azur provides a veritable summer paradise. Visitors to Monte Carlo—English, Americans, French and Italians—ask nothing better than to spend long hours lazing on the sun-soaked beaches or in the cool water*

**[Continued overleaf]**





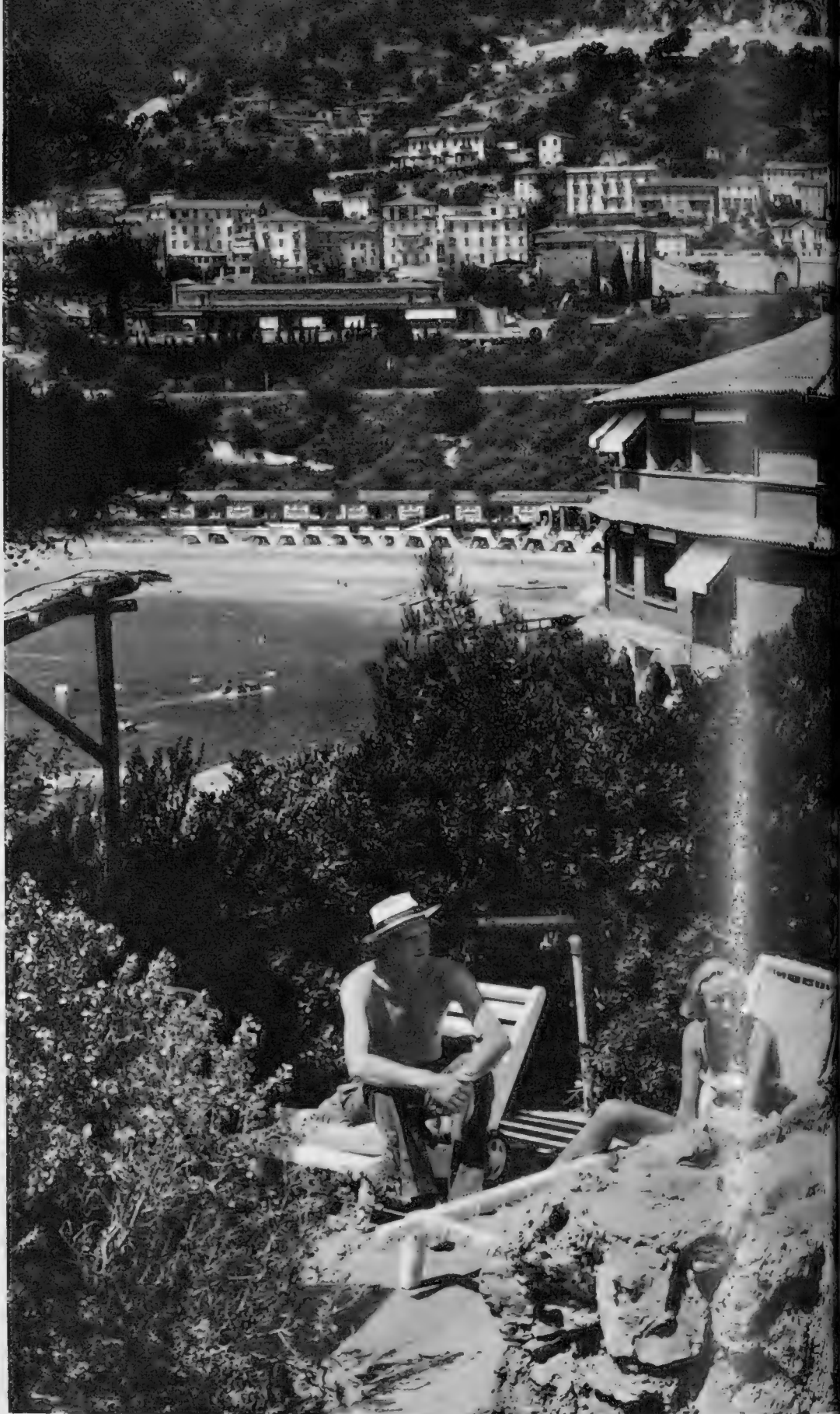
*Emerging from the water after her bathe, Mrs. Jack Buchanan has a quick shower to get rid of the salt water*



*Sunning themselves on the Point, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bryant watch some friends try their hand at water-skiing*



*Other visitors, flanked by a superb view of the harbour and mountains, were Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor and Sir James Scott Douglas*



*Perched high above the beach is the hut "A Topia," where Viscount and the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood, sit amid a rocky garden and*

Continuing—

## THE AZURE MAGIC OF THE RIVIERA

For the actively-inclined, Monte Carlo offers many delights. There is an abundance of golf and tennis and the nautically-minded can swim to their hearts' content, sail or try their hand at the exhilarating, if perilous, water-skiing. Those wishing to relax spend their time on The Point or in the cliff huts





Countess Bridport with their son,  
watching the boats below



The American Minister to Luxembourg, Mr. Wiley Buchanan, junr., was with his wife, Mrs. Buchanan, and their children, Bucky, Bonnie and Diane, and their guest, Miss Marcia McCardle



Mr. Geoffrey Howard and his wife, Lady Howard, from Yorkshire, at the outdoor bar of the Hotel Metropole



In a secluded spot Mrs. David Nares, an accomplished water-skier, was chatting to her sister, Miss Paulette Pennell



The delights of iced melon in the shade were enjoyed by Count Rene d'Estainville, his daughter, Mlle. Anne Marie d'Estainville, and the Marquis and Marquise de la Begassiere

Swæbe

Evenings on the Riviera take on an even more brilliant aspect. Visitors to Monte Carlo and near by gather in the fashionable Hotel Metropole, the Hotel de Paris and the Vigie Club, while many are attracted to the celebrated Casino. On Friday evenings a gala held, enjoyed by visitors from many nations





.. The voluptuous sensation afforded by five bluebottles simultaneously walking on his neck "

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...

SEAWEED-FLIES on the South Coast have chucked in their hand, the Fleet Street boys report. An entomologist we know has an explanation, so far as Bognor Regis at least is concerned. After biting the eminent economist Walter Bagehot in the summer of 1862, the local seaweed-flies found the rest of the Race so tasteless (he thinks) that their successors have inherited their languor.

At Bognor, as every lover of the South Coast knows, Bagehot composed his sparkling monograph on Bimetallism entitled *Count Your Enemies and Economise Your Expenditure*. While so engaged he was considerably, and for the most part pleasurably, tickled by the various kinds of fly which were then one of Bognor's principal attractions (chocolate-machines came later). Bagehot's description (p. 35) of the voluptuous sensation afforded by five bluebottles simultaneously walking on his neck drew crowds of hedonists to Bognor, and in fact put what is now known as "the Antibes of the South Coast" permanently on the international pleasure-map. For suppressing all mention of being actually bitten by the seaweed-flies Bagehot has been styled "sly" and "disingenuous" by rival economists. We prefer to think that his dark eyes flashed playful, slumbrous fire at the thought of the fun to come...

He was, of course, deceived. After a fine Chamberlain nobody wants to drink *ordinaire*, and economic blood apparently spoils a fly for every other kind. Hence the swollen snouts of Bloomsbury. (No offence.)

### Aria

TO more chaps than us (we guess) the recorded voice of Hilaire Belloc singing some of his own songs on the Third Programme the other night brought a thousand golden memories of time and place; the long oak dinner-table at King's Land, looted by the Puritan troops from Oxford 300 years ago; the soft light of candles in brass candlesticks gleaming on glass, silver, and pewter; the good wine, the good company, the high sweet tenor of the master of the house

singing in his chair under the window, the scent of apple-logs burning on the wide stone hearth, and a large content over all.

Sweet singing at table after dinner, once the pleasure of civilised men all over Europe, throws the best people nowadays into agonies of embarrassment, as anyone knows who has tried it. Rich women especially detest it, in our experience. To these haridans a Negro jazz-band battering tortured eardrums all through dinner is pure ecstasy, but they draw the line at *Greensleeves*, or *Gastibelza*, or even *Mrs. Rhys*, which Belloc used to sing with such feeling.

Star of my wandering, Mrs. Rhys!

If Mr. Rhys should learn that we

Have carried on like little geese,

It will annoy him damnably...

### Footnote

EVERY verse of *Mrs. Rhys* throbs with that transcendental passion, mixed with gentle melancholy, which Petrarch felt for Laura. Other Bellocian songs have jolly choruses. We doubt nevertheless if you white men should be encouraged to sing at table, this trick being liable nowadays to land you oftener in the cooler than in Mrs. Goldenkrantz' drawing-room, to which we hope you aspire as fervently as every socially-minded sahib should. (End message.)

### Fuzz

WHEN Mr. Charles Pooter's bow-tie fell off the stud into the pit of the Tank Theatre, Islington—we trust you know that immortal work *The Diary of a Nobody* by heart?—his friend Mr. James (of Sutton) remarked: "Don't worry. No one will notice it with your beard. That is the only advantage of growing one that I can see." And although it gave Mr. Pooter a severe pain in the neck to keep his chin down all night, Mr. James (of Sutton) was perfectly right.

We commend this to a censorious minx carrying on in one of the Sunday papers about the current beard-vogue. The annual saving in the cost of neckties provides a sufficient answer in itself, as the eagle gaze of the Great Victorians amply demonstrates. By growing a really

magnificent arrangement like (say) Lord Salisbury's or Lord Acton's they could economise on waistcoats as well, if so minded. Nor did anything ever disturb their majestic tranquillity save (one discovers from one or two memoirs) a haunting fear of heartless Society beauties given to prying unexpectedly for neckties in the undergrowth during the after-dinner games then indulged in by the Smart Set.

### Check

FORTUNATELY loyal Victorian valets were constantly on the alert.

"Shall I lay out a necktie to-night, sir?"

"Parker! Why this extraordinary proposal?"

"I have reason to believe, sir, that there will be dirty work at his Grace's."

"Parker!"

"I have the information, sir, from her Grace's French maid, who is under notice, that towards midnight what is called a 'treasure-hunt in the shrubbery' will take place, conducted by her Grace in person."

"Parker, we must fool them!"

"Yes, sir." (Lays out white tie.)

Which recalls the case of a celebrated late-Victorian thinker, caught napping in this way, whose formidable face-trimmings came away in one piece at the probe of saucy fingers, revealing the shy, piquant, rosy, tearful features of a little nursery-governess named Maisie Dewdrop; a case apparently unique. See *W. G. Grace—The Man, or Anyway That Seems To Have Been the Committee's Fixed Impression*, by Mr. A. J. H. Cooke Cook-Cooke of the MCC.

### Ghoulie

WATCHING a dainty little televised Japanese drama the other night about a chap falling in love with a shy, sweet girl who turns out to be a ghost, we thought the TV boys might well follow it up with that equally dainty and much more topical little Arabian Nights drama about a chap marrying a shy, sweet girl who turns out to be a ghou.

So many chaps find themselves in this position nowadays that the whole story might perhaps be given a "homey" setting, working up to a situation familiar to everybody. Doctor, I just can't think what's wrong with Joyce—she never touches more than a single green-pea all day, and every night lately I've found her sneaking out to the nearest cemetery at midnight to meet a gang of what look like female novelists. Well, Mr. Whipsnade, your wife's condition presents no great medical problems. She is simply a ghou, suffering from a mild attack of what we call aneuric zygmosis, or attrition of the nodular rhizotomes, and her system needs toning up. My advice to you is to give her a thorough course of SLOPPO, the amazing new atomic tonic-food which (etc, etc, etc.).

How the Arabian version ends we forget. For TV purposes we see a happy, cosy little luncheon for two. Well, darling, I don't think you ever need go out for meals henceforth. (Thinks: "Thanks to SLOPPO!") Old Doc Wisepants himself would be on the side-table (cold).



"... Sneaking out to the nearest cemetery "



Mr. Patrick Keliher and his fiancée, Miss Jill Bromfield, were chatting to Mrs. E. C. Keliher and Mr. E. C. Keliher, chairman of the dance committee and last year's captain

THE COODEN BEACH GOLF CLUB, near Bexhill-on-Sea, gave a most successful Summer Ball recently, at which some 200 members and their friends were present. Numerous excellent prizes were given, and dancing went on continuously till midnight



Miss Jill Fletcher celebrated both her coming-of age and her engagement to Mr. R. R. Robinson, on leave from Assam



Mr. Charles Walton, on leave from Nigeria, took a snapshot of some friends, with the help of Miss Jill Cobley



Van Hallan

Leaving the dance floor for a few moments' breath of sea air were Mr. John T. Clark, with his fiancée, Miss Barbara Allen from Dublin, Mrs. Jane Gill and Mr. Jeffrey Street



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"BUT why did you leave your last place?" the housekeeper asked the new cook.

★ "To tell you the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master and missus used to quarrel; mum." ★

"Dear me! Do you mean to say that they quarrelled repeatedly?"

"Yes, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me and 'im it was me and 'er."

"REMEMBER, children," said the teacher, "that it is always better to give than to receive."

"That's just what my father says," said one of the class.

"Then your father must be a very good man," said the teacher. "What is his profession?"

"He's a boxer," was the reply.

A BUSINESS man went round and looked at the display of modernist pictures, and then asked the artist:

"What do you do with all these pictures you paint?"

"I sell them," replied the artist.

"Oh, do you?" snapped the man of affairs.

"Well, name your terms, young man. I have been looking for a salesman like you for a long time."

THROUGH a piece of really bad driving, a woman ran her car smack into a Paris taxi. Warily the driver climbed out and walked round to the woman, who at once greeted him with a volley of abuse.

"Madame," he asked, "are you married?"

The woman replied haughtily that she was.

"Ah, madame," came the reply, "now I see why your husband lets you drive."

EAGERLY the salesman was trying to sell a young wife an egg-timer. "Your husband's eggs will be just right if you use this, madam," he enthused.

"But I don't need it," she answered brightly.

"My husband likes his eggs the way I do them now. I just look through the window at the traffic lights and give them three reds and two greens."



## At The Pictures

CAP'N BOGART'S  
FANCIES

Humphrey Bogart as tyrant and coward of the U.S.S. *Caine*

BASED on a best-selling novel and the play still pulling them into a New York theatre, *The Caine Mutiny* runs for two hours and five minutes. To its credit there is no tedium. A solemn foreword proclaims: "There has never been a mutiny in the United States Navy"—from which one gathers that the

story lacks factual basis. Why then call it a mutiny?

It all happens in the 1944 American Fleet, as seen by Willie, a fresh-faced young ensign. Willie finds himself dismayed at being assigned not to the noble battleship he hoped for but a battered armed minesweeper. He shakes down reasonably well with his lieutenant shipmates. Soon, however, the strict but likeable captain is replaced by a man far more difficult to get on with, Captain Queeg; and it is at once clear that Humphrey Bogart was not hiding behind the door when the parts were handed out.

QUEEG's iron discipline, as expressed in his treating absurd trifles as grave crimes, is nothing short of mania; he attaches monstrous importance to a dangling shirt-tail and some missing strawberries, neglecting to avert damage to the ship's sweeping-gear. A fearsome typhoon demands expert navigation; he obstinately gives orders that would spell disaster. At this point the officer at the wheel, with general support, defiantly and desperately assumes command to save the ship. Is this mutiny? A full-dress court-martial has to decide.

A relentless prosecution, by imputing discreditable motives and tripping up on medical points, nearly wins—and would have done so but for Mr. Bogart's sudden mental crack-up as witness.

WIDE-SCREEN production is spectacular enough, with terrifying moments on the bridge and extremely fine scenes of the U.S. Navy, notably the milling swarms of sailors across the deck of an aircraft-carrier. Acting, too, is splendid. Mr. Bogart, with a mannerism of jingling two ball-bearings, masterfully conveys the crumpling of a megalomaniac; Robert Francis, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray conform to the best team spirit, and Jose Ferrer, as defending counsel, does little but contrives to be magnetic.

But the court-martial proceedings have far too much psychiatry and not enough cold logic. The plain fact that the captain's mad navigation orders would, if obeyed, have meant certain destruction was forgotten in wrangles over paranoia. At an ensuing celebration, Mr. MacMurray, for some reason I could not quite fathom, had a drink thrown in his face by Mr. Ferrer; the ensign married a disagreeable night-club warbler and joined another ship. From all of which I deduced that life afloat with Uncle Sam has much the same perils and relaxation as life in other navies, though possessing the possible advantage of meeting a fine body of character actors.

—Patrick Mannonck

deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



MISS SARA SHANE, a charming and talented young actress, is rapidly making a name for herself in Hollywood. Fair-haired, blue-eyed and with an enviable figure, she was formerly a top American model. In addition, she is one of the colony's best tennis players, an excellent rider, swimmer and water-skier, achievements which have made her widely welcome in sporting circles. Miss Shane makes her Universal-International debut in the forthcoming film *Magnificent Obsession*



During the evening, Mr. Anthony Barton, from Straffan, Co. Kildare, and Miss Eva Sarauw, from Copenhagen, announced their engagement



A visitor from Finland who had come for the Show, Miss Catherina Bon-Knorr, was being entertained by Mr. Billie Blackfur-Hamilton

**THE LOUTH HUNT BALL**, which came at the end of Dublin Show week, provided a fitting climax for many of the spectators and competitors. Members of the jumping teams were present



Mr. Richard Musgrave, son and heir of Sir Christopher Musgrave, was chatting to Miss Ailsa Moseley, from New York



Hunting notes were compared by Capt. James McCarthy, of the Westmeaths, and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy



Fennell

A charming group of American-debutantes included Miss Phillis Olinstead, Miss Carol Daniel, Miss Deanne Beach, and behind them, Miss Barbara Collis, Miss Flemmy Ellting and Miss Nina Auchincloss

## Television

# EXHIBITION FLOURISHES

• Freda Bruce Lockhart •

**E**DINBURGH and Earl's Court set the scene for our next fortnight's viewing. The Edinburgh Festival provides the kind of outing which does TV most good: an excursion into quality. Viewers will have brought to them Friday's concert, with Isaac Stern as soloist, and Tuesday's with Claudio Arrau.

On Sunday they will have a preview of Tyrone Guthrie's production of *The Matchmakers*, Thornton Wilder's "gay comedy of old New York." Another Edinburgh offering promising nostalgic appeal to many of us is the Diaghilev Memorial Exhibition.

At Earl's Court the Radio Exhibition, opening to-night, is more of a home from home. Most of the Lime Grove team decamp thither to run a lucky dip with other familiar faces.

Philip Bate, as one of TV's ballet and opera experts, goes to Edinburgh to televise the Diaghilev exhibition on Friday week. Two days earlier, his opposite number, Christian Simpson, sends from the studio *Three's Company*, the new opera with music by Anthony Hopkins and libretto by Michael Flanders. Simpson's lovely camera work on "The Peach Garden" revealed one of the very few producers who could be suspected of a sense of poetry in TV.

**T**O-NIGHT's new serial, *Crime on My Hands*, stars that very lively young comedienne, Geraldine MacEwen, as well as Sonia Dresdel, fast becoming one of the most familiar figures in TV drama. I look forward to seeing whether that other strong and striking actress, Beatrice Lehmann, makes an equal impact after last Sunday's *Love and Miss Figgis* (which can, of course, be seen again to-morrow).

One of the pleasantest programmes for those who don't mind mixing their musics is Eric Robinson's *Music For You*. He usually delivers at least one real attraction, like last month's Graziella Sciutti, or his discovery Jacqueline Delman, the Italy-trained English soprano who will be back in next Monday's edition. Among other promised attractions are Marais and Miranda, American ballad singers, and "Men in Consort," the sextet of male madrigal singers. I like and respect this programme. After nearly four years it is still improving, and Robinson is consistently on the target between his own musical taste and the popular appeal required by, and of, TV.

**S**EVERAL chapters have closed with honour. Most notably, *The Return to the River* ended Iain McCormick's distinguished tetralogy on the right note. It leaves us looking forward with real hope to his other two plays.

Although I learned history with passion from Marjorie Bowen's early novels, I could not think *Captain Banner* showed up her George Preedy self as a good playwright. But as a production it rounded off in handsome style Rudolph Cartier's season of costume romances, excellently performed.

*Six Proud Walkers* kept its lightness and sparkle much fresher than most serials.

Variety producers might learn a lesson from *Top Town*: that genuine amateurs achieve freshness and spontaneity more readily than tired "pro's."







LADY MANCROFT, wife of Lord Mancroft, M.B.E., T.D., a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, sits on a garden seat with their two little girls, Victoria, aged two, and Jessica, who was born in May. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Horace Lloyd, D.S.O.

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# "To What Far Bourne Oh Traveller?"

EVERLYN EATON'S *FLIGHT* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is a story which moves outside known dimensions. Rarely does a novel embrace so much. For the theme is the transition we know as death, shown in terms of a new adventure—an adventure fraught with sensations which for a time seem to be those of life. Martia Deane takes off in an airliner, for a destination not altogether clear to her, on a bleak, grey day, rainy, with gusts of bitter wind.

Nothing seems new about the departure; many like this has she made before—as a war photographer, she has already all but circled the world. One confusing element is there: a recurrent violent pain in her head. For, turning at the last moment to wave good-bye to her daughter and son-in-law, who watch the take-off from a glassed-in passage, she has struck her head against the top of the plane's low door.

ON an air journey, among the blankness and monotony of the clouds, many of us are accustomed to let our minds run on. Vivid mind-pictures, inconsecutive snatches of one's life-story become more real than the throbbing hush of the plane. So it is with Martia, whose past life becomes known to us, as it appears to her, in a series of puzzling yet meaningful flashes. Her youthful marriage, the mysterious suicide of her husband, her devotion to the posthumous child, the second marriage she all but made then

rejected, the love-affair she was swept away by and then renounced—all these happenings with their profound effect, all these relationships with their queries come crowding back to her; and with them the self-searchings of years ago—self-searchings which, as the voyage goes on, all narrow down to a single point. Not until she does so do we suspect that this is no ordinary air journey.

FOR it is when the plane makes its first descent that the metaphysical experiences begin. And it is from this on that Miss Eaton shows her more than ordinary imaginative power, and, with that, something still rarer and more important. She has penetrated into an awesome zone from which many of us shrink; and, through it all, has gripped hard on that inner sense of the "I," which must battle its way through all dark ordeals. Does one, after death, shed the load of identity? No—by the showing of how fared Martia. But one does shed (or rather, in the terms of this story, consign away), like so much extra baggage, much that was held dear, much that appeared valuable, much which seemed to have made up one's sense of "I."

Bare of cant or doctrine, stripped of the terminology one might associate with church, *Flight* is nonetheless a religious novel. It contains the essence of our modern, perplexed and deep-down spirituality. And where Miss Eaton has been brave and thereby achieved a victory for her generation, has been in the incorporation into her story of the scientised,

hard, wellnigh overpowering present-day world. Space-concepts, the boundlessness of invention, the awareness of the atomic age are all present in *Flight*. And more than present: they are part of the structure, and indeed partly the subject, of the book. To say that *Flight* brings the soul into what till now has been considered the domain of "science fiction" would be a cheap assessment of such a work. It may, however, offer some key to Miss Eaton's intention and, I do think, achievement.

★ ★ ★

MY DEAR MRS. JONES, being the letters of the First Duke of Wellington to Mrs. Jones of Pantglass, inaugurates what should be a delightful series—"Miniature Books," published by the Rodale Press at 5s. each. These are letters written, some of them daily, during the last two years of the great Duke's life, to an evidently charming, young married woman, sixty years younger than himself. Seldom can letters from age to youth have been more dignified, less foolish, more benevolently fond, less sentimentally and less senile. Fortunate Mrs. Jones! Vivacious hostess, inveterate visitor at house parties, she kept her illustrious friend in touch with a world from which his increasing deafness tended to isolate him—also, she was a mother, with the habit of placing her three children, in charge of a French governess, in seaside lodgings at Dover. And these happened to be the years from 1851-52, when the Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, was often in residence at Walmer Castle. One delicious September afternoon, while she was visiting her children, he and she went riding over the downs between Dover and Walmer—"I never was out," he wrote next day, "on a more beautiful afternoon. God bless you."

NO, the great never grow old. There is a happy distinctness, like that of youth, about all the experiences he describes to her—such as being mobbed by over-enthusiasts during his visit to the Crystal Palace (then in Hyde Park). He tells her about the still-youthful Queen's state transit, by barge, along the newly opened Liverpool-Manchester canal. What do you imagine?—it rained and rained that summer, even upon Victoria! And there was the modern adventure of train-travel. Mrs. Jones loved dashing around in trains; the Duke, one can gather, was more conservative. During Mrs. Jones's dashings-around, he kept in constant touch with the little Joneses parked with the governess in the Dover lodgings: they seem a degree more dear to him than his own grandchildren.

A week after the writing of the letter of September 7th, 1852, the Duke peacefully died at Walmer Castle—"the weather continues to be beautiful," he had been happy in telling Mrs. Jones. He lay in state in the Castle, "my sea-girt Castle," for eight weeks, guarded by officers of his old regiment, the Rifle Brigade, before he was carried by torchlight to London.... Nobody who loves life, nobody who has ever loved the simplicity of the greatness of the great should fail to enjoy *My Dear Mrs. Jones*.

★ ★ ★

A KISS BEFORE DYING, by Ira Levin (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), should only go to readers with strong nerves—as to horror, this is a little masterpiece! The author, himself still a very young man, gives us a picture of a young monster determined to cleave his way to success and wealth at all costs; and dire the costs are. Two out of the three pretty daughters of Mr. Kingsmill, the copper king, pay the extreme price; as to the fate of the third, we are kept in suspense to the last page. But the book is more than the "shocker" it may sound—it is a cool, clear study of ruthlessness and, in its way, a warning against folly.



[Continued on page 346]



FUTURE RIDERS TO HOUNDS lined up in their paddock for a trial run are Frances, Robert, Mary, Jane and Bridget Barker. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Barker, of Great Grove Farm, Ottershaw, Surrey



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which, we are confident, will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



"LOOK AT MY LOVELY DONKEY," said Amanda Susan Hamilton proudly, as, accompanied by her pekinese, they went for a walk in the garden. Amanda is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hamilton, of Belgrave Cottage, Wilton Place, S.W.1



AFFECTIONATELY CUDDLING his small sister Gillian, who is only a year old, and of whom he is very proud, is Trevor George Johnston, aged three-and-a-half. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnston, of Suncroft Villa, Sligo, Eire



NEWLY CHRISTENED at the Garrison Church, Bielefeld, Germany, Judith Mary Shirlaw lay happily in the arms of her mother, Mrs. J. H. Shirlaw. Her father is Capt. J. H. Shirlaw, R.E., and her grandmother is Mrs. Charles Brook



THIS MERRY TRIO, consisting of John, Charles and Andrew West-Burnham, were having an exhilarating romp with their mother, Mrs. N. C. West-Burnham, in the Officers' Married Quarters of the Royal Air Force, at Changi, Singapore. Their father, Flt. Lt. N. C. West-Burnham, is at present serving with the very important Far East Air Force in Singapore



"SEE HOW MY CASTLE GROWS"—Mary-Lou Burgoyne-Johnson is the daughter of Major C. Burgoyne-Johnson, R.A., and Mrs. Burgoyne-Johnson, of Dulford House, Cullompton, Devon



*John French*

# FASHION CHOICE Of The WEEK

Front view of the coat. Double-breasted, the belt tied à la Jacques Fath, it has big patch pockets and a good sized collar. The little brown mélusine hat costs £6. 19s. 6d.

A close-up of the accessories. The big coach-hide bag, Harrods' own make, costs £2. 5s. The leather gloves are 49s. 6d. and the Paisley scarf, 33s. 9d.

## Looking Her Best

PHOTOGRAPHED here is Bicklers' classic top coat, made of a bloomy, blue-brown Yorkshire herringbone tweed, the exact colour of the best kind of chestnut pudding. This is the sort of tough, hard-wearing, immensely chic coat in which an Englishwoman looks her best, and which will give her good service, with an undated look, for many years to come. It costs £10 19s. 6d. and is sold by Harrods of Knightsbridge in their Budget Shop. They also supplied the accessories

—MARIEL DEANS





# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

I CANNOT think how it is that we keep on accumulating books—we practically never buy them, and we scrupulously return those we borrow (at least eventually we do). And, for one reason and another, we are always undergoing house-movings, at which I always try to weed out the inessential literature. But it is difficult to pin down just what is inessential; this may come in for the children, that I like to read when I have flu, the other had better stay in case we need it to *verify* something. What it boils down to, always, is that we need more bookcases.

I long ago gave up nagging my husband into amateur carpentry. The fact that I have never myself been able to knock a nail in straight gives me little grounds for mocking at his inability to tell a screwdriver from a chisel, though it horrifies the children, who are taught such things at school. Bent, therefore, on bookcases with economy, I scour the local paper for sales in the vicinity, and eventually find myself entering a laurel-choked, decrepit Georgian house in the depths of the country



which is alleged to be disposing of contents. I look hastily over the piles of junk swept together in a vast outhouse.

THE sale should have begun already, but the auctioneer's car has broken down, bystanders say. I am therefore able to clamber over the merchandise and ascertain that the only bookcase is one dating from the twenties and all in steps like the Mappin Terraces, with the paint coming off. I do, however, see several sets of mahogany dining-room chairs, square and solid, which under layers of dust and scratches and cascades of dripping horsehair look rather like the two we got out of grandfather's attics, and decide I will try to pick them up cheap.

AFTER a bit the auctioneer's assistant apparently decides that his boss will never get there, and starts the auction. He is a charming young man who should, I feel, have chosen some other career. He starts offering things gently and unsmilingly, in a rather ashamed way, so that people hardly like to say anything. I, who have been petrified with secret terror at the thought that I might later have to confess to having been sold a pup, am at once reassured enough to cheer the poor thing up by bidding for a roll of carpet underfelt blotched grey and beige—area estimated at being enough to cover a tennis court. Can't imagine why anyone should want

[Continued on page 340]



Looking at F. E. McWilliam's "The Patriarch" this girl wears a mohair and wool pile cloth coat by Rensor. It has a pretty, high collar with tab fastenings and gracefully bloused sleeves. It is stocked by Dickins & Jones, of Regent St.

# Autumn Coats in the Park

**I**N these photographs, taken at the London County Council's third international exhibition of sculpture in the lovely gardens of Holland Park, we show four new top-coats that illustrate the great variety of outline we shall be able to choose from this autumn. Big collars and little collars, large sleeves and close-fitting ones, as well as waists and no waists, are all represented. "Yer pays yer money and yer takes yer choice" is obviously the slogan for this season. The R.M. hats shown with the coats are nearly all copies of the newest French models

—MARIEL DEANS



Asta's gleaming chocolate-brown wool and angora cloth coat has a very becoming cape collar. Made with a closely fitting waistline and wide bishop's sleeves, this is an excellent town coat for the autumn and winter days ahead. Derry & Toms are the retailers



# CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

to cover a tennis court with underfelt, but am amazed to find nobody else can either and obtain underfelt for 17s.

AUCTIONEER's assistant continues to throw me pathetic glances when things come up, and I bid up to three pounds for a spectacular gilt and mirror overmantel with outspoken illustrations to the story of Cupid and Psyche, reflecting that it would look pretty lush in the bathroom, but at the last minute it is snapped up by a cross-looking man in a mackintosh. The first lot of chairs then comes up, and they are greeted by such pained disgust by the auctioneer's assistant that I am amazed to find myself in possession of all four, for fourteen shillings. This fills me with the desire for more, but the next four, equally shabby, go to the cross man in the mackintosh for five pounds—somebody behind hisses that he is a dealer and determined to get them, so I hastily shut up.

There is then a stir as at the entry of royalty, and the auctioneer's assistant retires blushing



to be replaced by his boss, who fixes me with an accusing eye and tells me he is sure I am ready to give him two pounds for the next lot, a cabinet model gramophone only thirty years old, with two records. I shake my head violently, at which he says "Two pounds I am bid by the lady here—now who'll say three? Three, sir? Very little for this magnificent gramophone—earliest hi-fi tone—going for five pounds. . . ."

AMAZED and relieved to discover that the five pounds has nothing to do with me, I watch entranced while the expert disposes of a battered ironing board, value two guineas new, for forty-five shillings—a rusty one-bar electric fire for two pounds—and the Mappin Terrace bookcase for seven pounds. Realizing that the audience is now in the grip of a magician and will pay anything for anything, I wander out to collect my chairs and find them being inspected by the cross dealer.

"Hear you bought them chairs cheap," he says, "wotcher think you're going to do with them?"

"Sit on them," I say, whereupon he laughs bitterly. "Sit on them? Not twice, you won't. Riddled with worm, that's what they are. And you wouldn't have got them, not if I hadn't had me back turned settling the overmantel. Tell you what, I'll give you two pounds for the lot—that's a good profit for an amateur."

Pride and possessive instinct roused, I protest that I want the chairs, think they'll be all right when I kill the worm, and anyhow if they're all that rotten why does he want them? He retires worsted, and I return home with the car packed with felt and mahogany, worms and moths, conscious that, although the books are still stacked two deep all over the house, I have been to my first auction and got something a dealer really wanted.

—Diana Gilon



# ... Autumn Coats

(On the opposite page) Harry Popper's beautifully tailored Otterburn tweed coat is grey with a mauve fleck and is worn over a heather-coloured silky wool dress. Very soft and light, this is a wonderful coat for either town or country. Debenham & Freebody have it in their suit department. In the background is Archipenko's "Standing Woman"

(Below) Photographed by the side of Henry Moore's "Draped Reclining Figure" is Selincourt's double-breasted, chestnut-coloured wool coat with black flecks. Notice the wide collar and the new long look produced by the low-fastening buttons. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street







An entirely new idea is this set of fish plates, hand-painted and designed to give an original twist to the fish course. Each one, price £1 1s., is different. A set of six, together with an oval server, can be had for £7 7s. Tern Studios, Chelsea



Specially designed by—and obtainable from—the Tern Studios, Chelsea, are these distinctive dishes, which can be used for various purposes, or just put on show for decoration. The prices are modest, and range from 6s. to £1 1s.

## SHOPPING

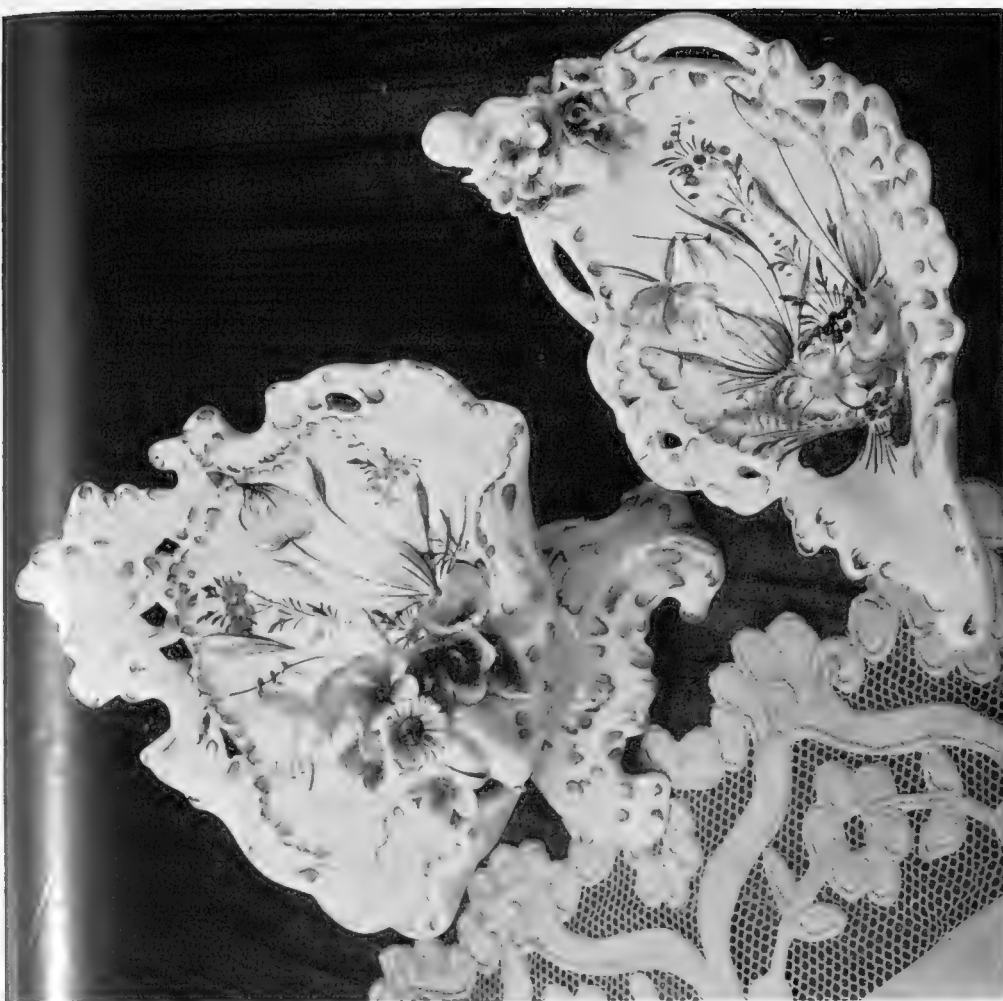
# Returning to Colour

"ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder." This is certainly true of the colourful china and pottery which we missed for so many years. Now the shops are showing an ever-increasing variety of lovely designs by well-known artists in this country, and from other countries abroad. The examples shown on this page, all different in character, give some idea of the range available, and are surprisingly inexpensive

—JEAN CLELAND



The coffee set with a difference is called "Star Flower," and can be had in dark green and raspberry. With six cups and saucers, sugar bowl and coffee pot, it costs £4 19s. 6d. from Tern Studios



From Italy comes this charming pottery, designed with Cupids and flowers in delicate colours. Inexpensive, it can be had from Woollands, costing 19s. for the shell-like dish on the left of the picture, and 13s. 6d. for the leaf-shaped one on the right



If you are searching for a present for your husband, here is this jolly sailor-man, decorative and useful for holding a little of whatever he fancies to do him good. He costs only 27s. 6d., and is on the look-out for you. From Marshall & Snelgrove

Dennis Smith

## IN TOWN TODAY

MOTHERS of children who have to wear spectacles have always been fully aware of the danger of glass breaking during the rough and tumble of games, gymnastics and various kinds of sport. They will, therefore, be the first to rejoice in a new process by which lenses are made of break-proof material.

How this was developed was revealed by the chairman of Combined Optical Industries, at a party at the Savoy which I attended recently. During the war, a new British industry, founded by the Company, made special lightweight binoculars for the Commandos and safety goggles for the Royal Air Force. Later they manufactured optical elements for the underwater television camera with great success. With that background they have now turned their attention to general everyday "Eye-wear."

THE new safety lenses have been christened "Igard," and at the party we were given plenty of opportunity to inspect them. Their break-proof qualities are ideal for wear in fragile rimless mounts, and because they are so light—half the weight of glass—they are excellent, too, for elaborate frames, which in the ordinary way would be uncomfortably heavy to wear.

The frames on view all round the room were so becoming that we of the press were practically grabbing them from each other in our eagerness to try them on, with cries of "Oh that is wonderful for you, do let me see how it would look on me." Best of all, if we dropped them it was of no consequence, because they didn't break. A boon indeed for kiddies and grown-ups, too.

★ ★ ★

NUMBERS of women take a pride in doing their own flowers and delight in trying out different and original "arrangements." Without a proper holder, it is difficult to achieve the right effect, and for some considerable time these were in short supply. I was pleased, therefore, to find at Harrods a large selection of wire flower holders in every conceivable shape, size and height, with adjustable fittings to fit into all kinds of vases.

With suction pads to keep them steady, these seemed to make flower arranging so easy that I could already see myself as an embryo Constance Spry (accent on embryo). The prices varied according to shape and size, but a large oblong one which I specially liked cost 10s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

FROM the same store I found something else which has only just come back on to the market after an absence of many years. This is a non-electric travelling iron with fuel tablets. Long before the war I had one which travelled with me wherever I went, at home and abroad. In the end I lost it, and missed it sadly.

The one I have just seen at Harrods is called the "Macco," and, complete with five tablets, it costs 18s. 6d. The tablets make no smoke and no odour and heat the iron quickly. If it begins to cool, all you have to do is to slip in another tablet, refills of which can be had for 7s. 6d. a packet of 50.





Jean Cleland suggests —

## Taking A New Line Of Your Own

AS usual, the beauty salons and hair stylists go hand in hand with the top dress designers. Following the collections here and in Paris, all are now busy creating new make-ups, new hair-dos, and new "figures" to match up with the latest trends. The theme song of Dior's H-line—which seems to have taken most of the limelight—might well be, "She loves me, she loves me not." On the whole, fashion experts seem equally divided in their like and dislike of it

ONE thing is certain. Those who are going to wear it will have to be good at "figures." If the torso is lean, all well and good. If not, the sooner you hie to a slimmetry, the better. In other words, if you are plump and want to reduce quickly your best plan is to hasten to one of the beauty salons which specialize in exercises and diet charts and other devices for reducing weight and banishing rolls and curves. Failing this you can, of course, adopt one of the various home-slimming methods and slim effectively—if a little more slowly—under your own steam.

There are a number of proven ways in which this can be done, but whichever you choose, success depends on sticking

faithfully to the routine and no cheating. For the time being it's goodbye to potatoes and starch, sweets and cakes! If you think the game is worth the candle, be resolute and don't dilly-dally on the way. If not, give up the whole idea. Half measures can only be disappointing.

PEOPLE frequently ask me what I think is the best way of slimming. This is a difficult question, because it is really a matter of what suits you best. Some do well on the banana diet, but I don't think I would ever be able to look a banana in the face again. Others swear by fasting one day every week and having nothing but fluids which, even so, does not mean that you can go all out on fattening foods in between-whiles. The fluid day just speeds things up, and has the added advantage of giving the digestion a rest.

If I am asked which method I personally like, then my reply is "The Calorie Chart." Why? Because this is more elastic, and allows you to have an occasional fling when you feel like it. The general idea is that you keep within a certain number of calories each day, the total number of which varies according to your occupation or way of living. A chart I have, which came from America, sets it out as follows: If you lead a life of leisure, the calories allowed are from 1,600–1,800. If you do some sort of sedentary work, such as writing or typing, the total is 2,000–2,200. Occupations requiring more energy, such as standing, walking or rushing around a bit, require 2,000–2,500, while anything involving energy and strength permits up to 3,000.

WITHIN this framework you can select your dishes, and take your choice. If you have a "yen" for an ice-cream, have it by all means, but remember that this counts 200–350 calories (according to size), and cut down on something else. A medium portion of roast beef would be a better bid in the long run, as this only totals 150 calories. One lump of sugar counts 30–35. Not worth it. Better to have a slice of lean bacon, which only counts 25. A pound of chocolates (2,880 calories) means you are sunk for the day, so obviously these are best avoided for the time being. Fruit is deceptive, because while in the main the calories are low, there are exceptions. For example, a slice of pineapple is 50, an apple 50, a peach 50, a plum 30, while canteloup melon bumps you up to 200.

★ ★ ★

SO much for the figure. Now what about the face? Make-up, so the top beauty salons say, will be soft and delicate, and altogether paler than hitherto. Rose shades of rouge and lipstick and all soft pinks are top favourites. Nail varnishes will tone up with these, and the general effect will be youthful and feminine. Generally speaking, two shades of lipstick will cover the new colours; rose or clear red with bluey tones to go with the lovely blues—so much in evidence at most of the collections—and a more yellowy-red to flatter the browns, golds and tans.

★ ★ ★

NEWS as regards hair styles seems to be confusing. At some collections the models nearly all wore long hair. At others the cut was as short, or even shorter, than ever. My impressions at the moment are a little misty, and until I can get more definite information from those who shape our heads and destinies I shall refrain from further comment.



Innova's new range of "Paris Mist" bath luxuries: talcum powder 4/6d, skin perfume 7/6d, bath soap 1/11d

## ENGAGEMENTS



Chercher

Miss **Barbara Marie-Louise Berry**, daughter of the Hon. D. G. Berry, of Wylam, Northumberland, and of Mrs. J. A. Seys, of Rhodora Estates, Kenya, is engaged to Mr. Alexander Clement Gilmour, son of Sir John and Lady Gilmour, of Earlston, Berwickshire



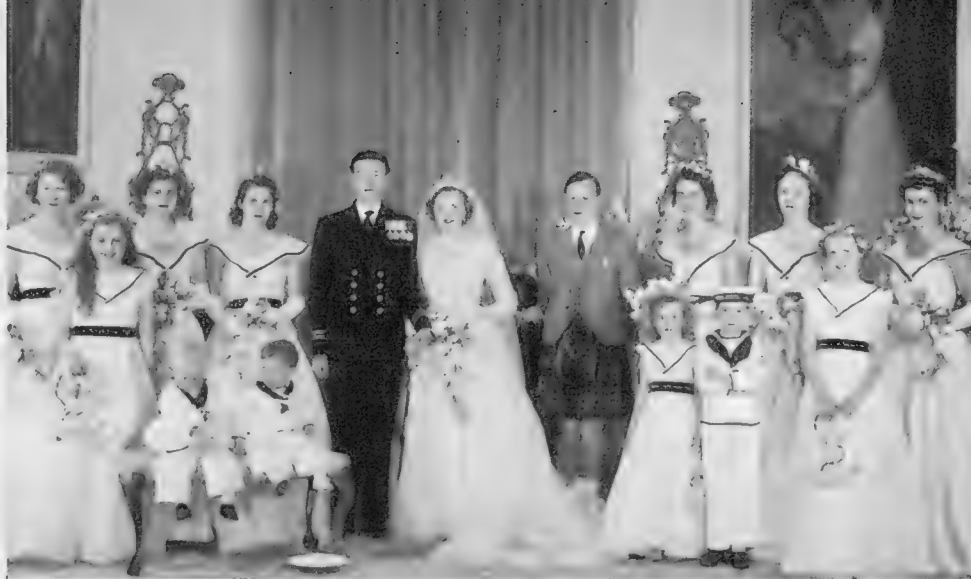
Fayer

The Hon. **Gillian Moyra Katherine Cecil**, daughter of Lord and Lady Burghley, of Barton House, Longmead, Wantage, Berks, is engaged to be married to Mr. Giles Herbert Charles Floyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Floyd, of Farleigh Haseocks, Basingstoke



Norton-Pratt

Miss **Dorothy Ferguson Denholm**, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. L. Denholm, of Glen Mill, Kilmacoll, Renfrewshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Hugh John Arbuthnott, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Arbuthnott, of Ladhope, Longhill Avenue, Ayr



Lenare

## CURREY—DRUMMOND

In the private chapel of Megginch Castle, Lt. **Andrew Christian Currey**, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. P. Currey, of The Mount, Gibraltar, married Miss **Heather Mary Drummond**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Drummond, of Megginch Castle, Errol, Perthshire

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



## FAIRTLOUGH—BETAMBEAU

Mr. **Gerard H. Fairtlough**, son of the late Major-Gen. E. V. H. Fairtlough, and Mrs. Fairtlough, of the Manor House, Blandford St. Mary, Dorset, married Miss **Elizabeth A. Betambeau**, daughter of Mr. R. A. Betambeau, and of Mrs. K. M. H. Tripp, of Bayswater, at Hampstead Church



## FRENCH—CAYLEY

At St. James's Church, Spanish Place, Mr. **Peter French**, son of the late Capt. the Hon. J. French and of the Hon. Mrs. French, of Castle French, Co. Galway, married Miss **Sonia Cayley**, daughter of Major and Mrs. D. Cayley, of Rougham Chantry, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk



## STAVERT—KNIGHT

Lt. **David William Malcolm Stavert**, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stavert, of Little Heath, Limpsfield, Surrey, was married to Miss **Wendy Elizabeth Knight**, daughter of Cdr. G. V. Knight, O.B.E., R.N. (ret.) and of Mrs. H. N. Drake, of New Bines, Burwash, Sussex, at All Saints, Hawkhurst



## CHALMERS—DANEEL

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Lt. **Roderick Francis Chalmers**, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. C. Chalmers, of Titchfield, Hants, married Miss **A. M. Daneel**, daughter of the late Dr. A. B. Daneel, and of Mrs. E. J. Crean, of Kenilworth, Cape Town, South Africa



## Book Reviews [Continuing from page 334]

# AN OLD JOKE REFURBISHED

**M**Y MOTHER-IN-LAW, by Celeste Andrews Seton (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), is, as a chronicle, truly funny—though *not* upon the expected lines! That is to say, we are met by no painful jokes. Mrs. Andrews Seton's mother-in-law deviated, in various ways, from type—she was a guileless millionairess, who, upon marrying late in life, adopted an assortment of children, of whom Louis Seton had been one. Celeste, as Louis' fiancée then bride, entered a family which was nice, though exceedingly bizarre.

No. 579 Fifth Avenue, New York, does indeed (at least, in the days described) surpass British imagination and the same may be said of Lyndhurst, the castle upon the Hudson River, and Kirkside, the holiday house in the Catskill Mountains. For dear Mrs. Gould Shepard was as eccentric as they come; and her wealth, while protecting her from realities, gave her full power of self-expression. Her principles were as high as her whims were many. Her devoted husband and two no less faithful adjutants (social secretaries), Miss Sebbins and Miss Davis, saw to the carrying-out of her slightest wish—and every one of those wishes was philanthropic. She forbade drink, she had most of the Bible by heart, and she fought what her daughter-in-law describes as "a losing battle against sex." However, as *she* saw it, and within bounds, she was anxious that everyone should be happy—what could be better than bird-watching, a midnight procession to the greenhouse to watch a creeper burst into flower, or a picnic with four hot courses served by the butler on bridge-tables along the edge of a golf course?

The dear creature would appear, from her portrait, to have been the queen of all Helen Hopkinson ladies. Eldest daughter of the fabulous Jay Gould, she had met romance, in the person of Mr. Shepard, in the course of what America calls a train wreck on one of the lines her father promoted. The conversations and happenings in *My Mother-in-Law* are so exquisitely odd that they *must* be true—and the story-telling is all the better for the warm vein of affection which runs through it.

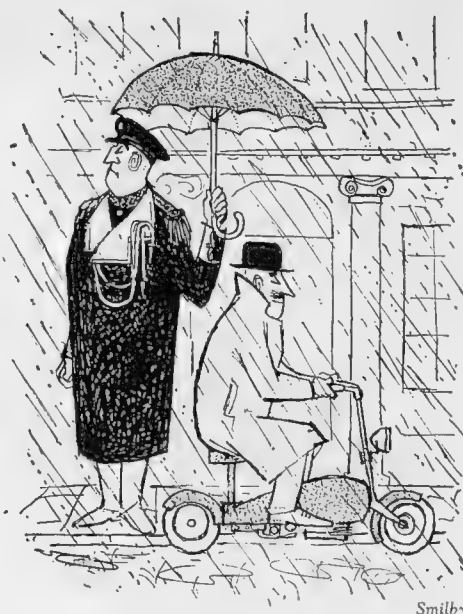
## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**T**HERE are many who remember the subtle manner in which the late Sir Charles B. Cochran introduced Leslie A. Hutchinson to London at the old Pavilion in the twenties. He had a flair for chic, and listening to the most recent Hutch recording you will not fail to appreciate that the Cochran elegance has remained as part and parcel of this entertainer's general make-up. Hutch has known and deserved immense popularity in the past and now the young of this "Teddy boy-Dixieland-back to the twenties" age have in their own especially curious manner "discovered" Hutch.

This, and Hutch's particular talents, has resulted in a situation enjoyed by practically no other entertainer during the past twenty-five years. For the moment Hutch sings "I Live For You" and "Make Her Mine" in a way that must entrance even the most cynical. It is unnecessary to add that he makes so many of his contemporaries and would-be imitators sound dreary and amateurish in extremis. (Oriole C.B.1292.)

Robert Tredinnick

**CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY:** This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Smilby

## Motoring

# OUR DIESEL DÉBUT

• Oliver Stewart •

**W**HETHER dieseling is a delight or a disease must be left to the decision of the motorists of the future. Personally I confess to being a compression ignition enthusiast. When I bought my diesel-engined motor car there were no standardized British motor cars with diesel engines on the market. It is good to be able to report that there is now one such and that there are likely to be others in the not very distant future and I was pleased when the Standard Company permitted me to try their four-cylinder, two-litre, overhead valve diesel Vanguard.

No changes are apparent in the exterior appearance of this car from the ordinary Vanguard, with the sole exception that the fuel filler cap, instead of being located under a flush trap, stands proud of the coachwork panel. Filler caps for diesel cars demand careful design for it is important to ensure that spilt derv does not penetrate to the interior of the luggage boot or any other part of the body. In my Borgward an ingenious design is employed with the filler accessible from within the boot, yet *outside* the car. Faulty filling can cause derv to spurt from the orifice, but none will enter any part of the car. The exterior filler of the Standard should be equally protective.

**S**TARTING the Standard diesel is done by means of a knob and a lever, which must be operated simultaneously. The knob is held out and the lever is pulled. Starting was easy and consistent at all temperatures met—but these did not include low temperatures. The idle of these engines is always noisy; but the noise need not be unpleasant provided the setting is correct. Nor need there be any noticeable vibration inside the car. The Standard has a dashboard adjustment for the idle. I did not notice it at first and found the idle set too low and causing heavy vibration; but directly the setting was adjusted the vibration disappeared.

The car I tried had the Laycock de Normanville overdrive and here the Standard Company have done something which is likely to help diesel cars to popularity. The overdrive, operated by a finger switch under the wheel, gives the car five ratios and the changes between overdrive and top or second can be made instantaneously, by a flick of the finger. The advantage is enormous. For the diesel-engined car suffers from poor acceleration. The only way to overcome that defect is to give it more gear ratios.

**I**N the Standard the road performance is made quite lively by means of the overdrive and although the top speed is only a little over sixty miles an hour, cruising can be brisk, because the cruise can be held near the maximum with the aid of the overdrive. It irons out the inclines.

Altogether my impressions of the Standard Vanguard diesel were entirely favourable. I did not measure fuel consumption, but the rough indications of fuel gauge and speedometer indicated that it is between forty and forty-five miles to the gallon. (The compression ratio of seventeen to one is not very high for this kind of engine.) And the car has the important advantage of all well-found compression ignition engines; built-in reliability and long life with high utilization and little maintenance and servicing. The price, with tax, is £1,042 7s. 6d. The overdrive is extra.

**O**NCE more I have entered into wearisome correspondence with the Ministry of Transport about road repairs. My complaint is that the Ministry castigates motorists for taking up road space with parked cars, while it does nothing at all to reduce the road space taken up by dilatory road repair processes. Road repairs in a big city like London should be regarded as a military operation. There should be continuous work night and day with the latest appliances. Anything less rapid is causing an unnecessary obstruction.

When the Ministry allows a single woman to set down markers and then go away to have tea while the whole of the traffic on Chelsea Bridge is disorganized and the queue stretches from the bridge to the Battersea roundabout, it is guilty of a far more heinous offence than any of the motorists who are so frequently fined for parking in the wrong places. When the work goes on in this desultory way for a week or more the magnitude of the offence is the greater. And that is one example of what the Ministry *does* allow all over London.

**I**TS strictures upon motorists for parking their cars have a hypocritical ring when it condones widespread and long-drawn-out obstruction by road repairers. I can guess, by now, what the Ministry will answer: that it is the responsibility of the "highway authorities." In that event so must parking be and the Ministry should cease to criticize motorists. The fact is that there is no valid excuse for the dilatory manner in which London's road repairs are done. They are the prime cause of road congestion. Nor is there any difficulty in quadrupling the pace of road repairs. Let the new Minister take action in this one thing and he will ease traffic congestion without reducing the traffic.

**M**OTOR Show signs are favourable. Field-Marshal Montgomery will open it on October 20 and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders tells me that there will be 540 stands, fifty-nine of them in the car section. In addition to those of Britain, the manufacturers of France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, the U.S.A. and Canada will be exhibiting.



# STATE EXPRESS 555

*The Best Cigarettes  
in the World*



*At Home — or Overseas . . . . .*

The House of STATE EXPRESS. 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.



No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most heavenly apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one at once. Garçon!

## LILLET

is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with

ice and a sliver of lemon — or with one-third gin.

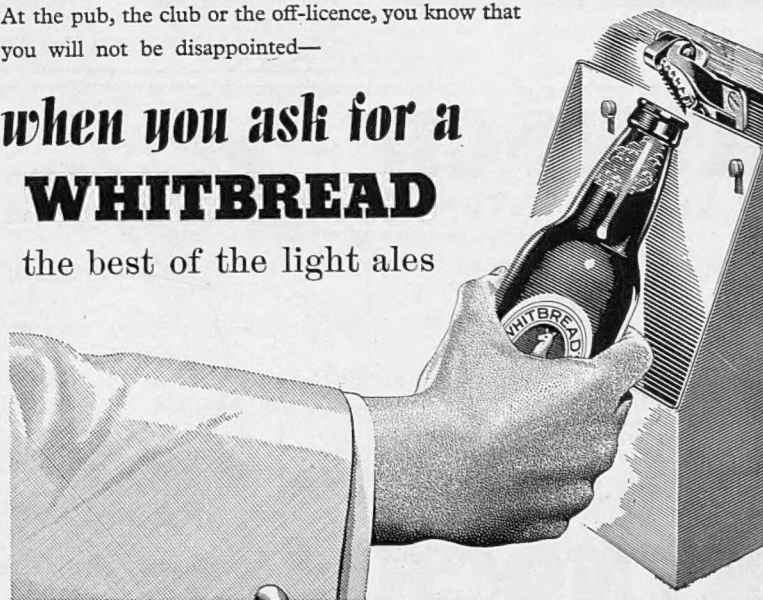


## You know what you're getting

Barmen have a way of pouring out bottled beer. But there is no secret where Whitbread's Pale Ale is concerned. Whether you open the bottle yourself or whether it is poured for you at the bar, this is a beer that remains clear and brilliant to the last drop.

It is brewed from the finest materials, with a skill that comes from long experience; and it is bottled only by Whitbread's. At the pub, the club or the off-licence, you know that you will not be disappointed—

when you ask for a  
**WHITBREAD**  
the best of the light ales

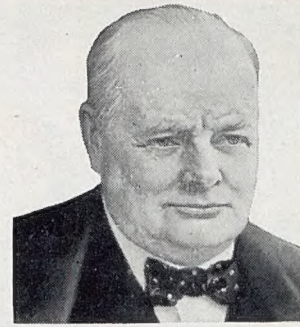






**Whatever the pleasure  
Player's complete it**

[NCC 863K]



## "WINSTON CHURCHILL the greatest figure of our time"

These words appear on the cover of a special publication—a **RECORD NUMBER**—edited and produced by Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., editor of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," as a tribute to Winston Churchill in his 80th year.

It is the most comprehensively illustrated account of Sir Winston Churchill's career as statesman,

soldier, sportsman, author, painter and orator that has yet been offered to the public. It is enclosed in a stout red-and-gold cover of the same overall size as that of the weekly issues of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and contains about 200 illustrations, of which 20 are in **FULL COLOUR**, and includes photographs that have not been published before.

### A RECORD NUMBER

published as an 80th year tribute by The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS at 10/6

This remarkable publication is one that everyone should possess. It will make a most treasured gift to relatives and friends all over the world. You can obtain copies **NOW** from any good-class newsagent or bookstall, price 10/6, or from the Publisher, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, price 12/6, including postage and special packing.

## FIRE! GENII GALORE IN EVERY NU-SWIFT!

Sealed pressure charges explain the speed, reliability and efficiency of Nu-Swift Fire Extinguishers. Strike the knob—the genii instantly leap out to slay your fire!

NU-SWIFT LTD · ELLAND · YORKS  
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

## The BEN GULABIN



In warm tan shade only.

**105/-** Post free

Sizes and half sizes from 3-8. Shoes sent C.O.D. or Single Sample on receipt of 1/- P.O.

NORWELL'S PERTH FOOTWEAR LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND

Super quality light weight ladies' sports shoe with stout crepe rubber soles. The upper is made of soft willow calf, with bold stitching and punching and unlined for comfort.

**Norwell's**  
OF PERTH



## LUNCH AND DINE



at the

**Colony**  
RESTAURANT

London's distinguished Rendezvous in

BERKELEY SQUARE

LUNCH : DINNER : SUPPER  
DANCING 8.30 p.m. TO 2 a.m.  
FELIX KING and his MUSIC  
DON CARLOS and his  
LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHM

★

CABARET

until Sept. 4 — WALLY GRIFFIN

★

Under the direction of J. Della

For table reservations  
please telephone  
MAYFAIR 1637

**KYNOCH**  
of KEITH SCOTLAND



**CLOTHS  
SCARVES  
• RUGS**

**KYNOCH**



For a friend at home or overseas  
... a subscription to The Tatler!

It is so easy to give ... a pleasant reminder of you as it makes a welcome appearance week after week—and, of course, we dispatch for you!

Subscription Rates	Home:	Overseas:
	6 mths £3.0.0 12 mths £5.16.6	6 mths £3.1.3 12 mths £5.18.6

Your newsagent will arrange a subscription or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2





## The Schweppshire Way of Life

### 6. GUARANTEED BIRD-WATCHING

The naturalists of Schweppshire have long led the world in bird-watching, spider-watching, dandelion-watching and in fact watching. The time came, of course, when there were more watchers than watched; more naturalists than nature. Since what we have to do simply is really watch, Schweppshire did not allow etiquette or the old-fashioned shibboleths of the game to prevent them from providing an easy answer to this difficult question.

Because the watching of birds is, if possible, more O.K. than anything else, we provide the birds. But as live birds are usually difficult brown smudges which dart across the eyes before they can be seen, and since all look almost exactly alike anyhow, our birds are (a) dummy and (b) impossible not to tell apart. See above three decoy ducks floating alone



on a Trust Pond in a Schweppshire Ornithological Union Sanctuary. Look again at the rolling sand dune which now you will see, perhaps, is a large piece of ordinary undercarpet cleverly camouflaged. Beneath it, how many watchers can you see? On the left, is Max Nichol Schweppes making notes on the lack of movement observable through a periscope. Next is Eric Schwosking, capturing an unforgettable moment of unwild life. Peter Schwott, of Schwevern Wildfowl Trust fame, identifies with the help of his own identification book, the identity of the bird marked with an arrow, which is, of course, the bird marked with an arrow. Observing through binoculars are observers.

In the inset, Ludwig Henn records on the spot, after an eighteen-hour vigil, the typical squeaks of an actual weathercock.

*Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.*



THE LANGUAGE OF THE FAN

Cussons

SIXTH OF SERIES



HOLDING a fan with the little finger extended means "Goodbye". This is an 18th century Chinese fan, hand painted on chicken skin showing figures with dresses

painted on silk and birds made of feather. Carved ivory mount. Colour photograph by courtesy of J. Duvelleroy, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of

Cussons  
**IMPERIAL LEATHER**  
 TOILET SOAP



LUXURY  
 THAT LASTS

Booklet "The Language of the Fan" available on request to  
 CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1